Our Fresh & Salt Tutors

Illustrated

by Winslow Homer

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CLUMP IN UNIFORM TELLS HIS STORY. P 65

OUR FRESH AND SALT TUTORS;

OR,

THAT GOOD OLD TIME.

BY

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

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VILLAGE
BATH BAY
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THE WRECK
PIRATES COVE
MAP OF THE CAPE
SUNKEN REEF

OUR FRESH AND SALT TUTORS.

CHAPTER I.

BRINY WHIFF OF A GOOD TIME COMING.

A CERTAIN piece of cape-land on the sea-shore of Massachusetts had been in possession of our family — the Graves — for nearly two hundred years at the time my story tells of. I am not sure whether it came to my five times great-grandfather by purchase, by right of settlement, or by direct grant from King Charles. It contains between three and four hundred acres of bold and rugged but productive land, — on one side exposed to the sweep of the ocean, on the other washed by the quieter waters of a deep bay which forms the safe and beautiful harbor of numerous vessels. The sea-point where the happiest half-year of all my boyhood was passed is now dotted with several pleasant summer residences; its acres are marked off by fences and walls, and variegated with the diverse crops of well-tilled fields, and on its bay-side are occasional tidy wharves for pleasure-boats. Fifty

years ago it was very different, and (though, perhaps, I may be an old fogy and have that gray-hair fashion of thinking with an expressive shrug, "Ah, things are not as they were when I was a boy!") I must say far more beautiful to my eyes than it is now. You have seen a bold, handsome-bearded, athletic sailor-fellow, with a manner combining the sunniness of calms, the dash of storms, and the romance of many strange lands about him; now, if our admired hero should abandon his adventurous profession, and settle down quietly into the civilized career of an inn-keeper, or village constable, or shop-man, or honest town-clerk, and we chanced to meet him years after his "life on the ocean wave," it would probably be to find a sober-faced gentleman, with forehead a little bald, with somewhat of a paunch, with sturdy legs, and gaiters, perhaps with a stiff stock and dignified white collar, — altogether a very respectable, useful citizen. But the eye and the heart could not find in our excellent acquaintance the fascination which so charmed us in our *friend*, the brave sailor. So with our Cape: fifty years ago, in all its natural wildness; in the beauty of its lonely beaches strewn with pieces of shivered, water-logged spars and great, rusty remnants of ship-knees and keels; in the melancholy of

those strips of short, brown heath on the sea-side, disappearing in the white sand, and occasionally making the margin of shallow salt-ponds where the teal came at nightfall, and where stilt-like cranes and water-fowls stalked as sentries; in the frowning outlines of the determined rocks that like fortresses defied their enemy, the Ocean; in the roll of crisp pasturage that in unbroken swells covered the long backbone of the Cape; in the occasional cedar groves and the few giant old trees, pines and poplars; and, more than all, in its character of freedom, loneliness, and isolation, — there was a savage charm and dignity that the thrift and cultivation, the usefulness and comfort of civilization's beauty can never equal.

My first sight of the old Cape was when I was about nine years of age. My father took me with him, in a chaise, from Boston, — nearly a day's journey; and I do not think now that my year's tour of Europe, fifteen years after, was half as full of incident and delight as that, my first journey of twenty hours. I can recall how the man at the toll-bridge hobbled to us on his crutch; how my father chatted with him for a few moments; how, as we drove off, the man straightened himself on his crutch and touched the brim of his hat with the

back of his hand. How well I remember the amazement with which I then heard my father say, "Robert, that man lost his leg while fighting with Washington at Trenton." I thrust my head far out of the chaise, to look well at my first live hero. That sight was romance enough for an hour. Then the first glimpse of the salt-marshes, and my father's telling me that where I saw the haze beyond was the ocean, were sources of further reverie and mystery; dispelled, however, by the sudden bay of hounds, three of which crossed the road ahead of us and went up in full song to a wooded hill on our left. They were after a fox, my father said, — but such a fox-hunt! No sign of pursuers, — no red coats, horses, horns, — no rosy-cheek lady waving a glove, as the picture in my English book of sports had represented a fox-hunt. Quite a blow was that to me; and I got another, presently, when a wheel came off the chaise and pitched me into the road, with father's small valise on my stomach. I remember the walk to the nearest house, which happened to be an inn. That, too, was something else of which I had only read before, and the reality of which I discovered to be very different from the descriptions. How my father took off a large tumbler of ale, and gave me some crackers and a

glass of water. Even my thoughts I remember, — as whether, when I should be a man, I could drink a full glass of ale and not be a drunkard, and whether my son would take crackers and water and I not be conscious that he wanted to taste the ale. A thousand more things I remember; mere trifles, in reality, but abounding in great interest to me on my first journey, which really then seemed of as much importance as Captain Cook's voyage around the world or Mungo Park's travels in Africa. It was a delightful day, the most interesting chapter in my life up to that time, — brimful of novelty, thought, and excitement, — but I shall not write its events in detail. What I have already mentioned will do as a sample. Late in the afternoon — it was the afternoon of a September day, the first fine one after a three-days' storm — we reached the Cape, just as the short, sombre twilight of an autumn day settled down on land and sea. As the horse trudged laboriously along through the heavy piece of sand connecting the cape and the main-land, I was almost terrified by the great sound of waves, whose spray tossed up in vast spouts from every rocky head before us. The rush of waters, the rumbling of great stones receding with the currents, the booming as of ships' broadsides, —

all these united to awe a little boy, making his first acquaintance with the ocean.

When we drove up to the house, which was the only habitation on the point, not a light was to be seen, and the dark stone walls were blacker than the night that had settled down so quickly on the land. Father said there was no use to knock, for that old Juno lived in the back part of the house and was too deaf to hear us. So he led the horse around, and we went to the back windows. Through them we saw our old black castellan nodding, pipe in mouth, over the fireplace. She had not heard the noise of our wheels, and it required a vigorous pounding on the heavy backdoor before old Juno, in much trembling, opened it to us.

"Great Hebbens, Massa Grabes, is dat you dis dark night! And Clump, de ole nigger, gone to willage. Lor, Massa, how you did skeer me — and, my soul! thar 's young Massa Bob!"

Juno had often come up to Boston to see us, and felt an engrossing interest in all of the family, to which she and her parents had once belonged as slaves. She now led me into the house, and went as briskly to work as her rheumatic old limbs would allow, to make a good fire, — piling on logs, blowing with the bellows, and talking all the while with

the volubility of a kind old soul and seventy-two years. My father had gone to tie the horse under the shed until Clump should return and take care of him. Clump was Juno's husband and her senior by many years. The exact age of negroes is always of unreliable tradition. The two had charge of the house, and were, indeed, rulers of the entire neck. Clump planted enough to feed his wife and himself, and was also a skilful fisherman. His duties were to gather the timbers washed on the shore by every gale, and to tend the numerous sheep that found a living on the Cape; in which tasks Juno helped him, besides keeping the old house free from ghosts and desolation, — indeed, a model of neatness and coziness.

My father's business on this visit was to give orders for winter, to see that the sheep-sheds were in repair, and that the winter straw, grain, and roots were stored.

The house had been built as long back as 1640–1650. It was of stone, — the rough stone, as it had been taken from the beaches and cliffs, of different shades and kinds. Above the ground-floor was only an attic story; and the main part of the ground-floor consisted of two large, low rooms, panelled in wood, and with ceiling of dark, heavy

beams. Adjoining the rear of these, my grandfather had built comparatively modern kitchen-rooms; but every fireplace in the old house preserved the generous, cheerful style of ample spread and fire-dogs. Neither stove nor coal had ever found entrance to that house. From the great door of the main floor a narrow stairway, like cabin steps, led up, with quaintly carved banisters, to three real old-fashioned bedrooms, rising above to the ridge of the steep-sloping roof and its uncovered but whitewashed rafters. The windows were at least five feet above the floor, and had the many small panes we sometimes yet see in very old houses. No doubt it was a house of pretension in its day. When I was a boy it remained a precious ark of family legends and associations. How splendid it is to possess a house nearly three hundred years old. To-day nothing could induce me to exchange the walls of that dear old house for the handsomest residence on Commonwealth Avenue. A house can be built in a few months; but to make a home, — *that* is beyond the craft and quickness of masons, carpenters, and architects.

Alone on that bold sea-beaten cape, so sturdy, dark, and time-worn, it looked out always with shrewd, steady, little window-eyes on the great

troubled ocean, which more than two centuries ago had borne its builders to this outpost of the New World. With satisfaction and becoming dignity, too, it seemed on fresh, sunny mornings to gaze at the hundreds of sails dotting the sea and bound for all parts of the globe, and recall, perhaps with some mournfulness, its youth two hundred years before, when those same tossing billows seldom bore on their breast two vessels at the same time, but were a terrible desert of water between the Old World and the New.

All through our supper, which was laid in the largest of the first-floor rooms, did Juno stand by, repeating the refrain: —

"Oh dat nigger, dat Clump, — why he no come? And here's Massa er waitten and er waitten, — but Clump, ole mon, he get berry slow; berry, berry slow. Now Massa Bob, vy you laff at ole Juno so? — hi! hi!"

However, Clump came at last; and when he beheld us great and comical was his surprise. He dropped his basket to the floor, and, with battered hat in hand and both hands on his knees, stood for a moment and stared at us, and then his mouth stretched wide with joy and his sides shook with delight, while the tears trickled down from the wrinkled eyes to the laughing ivory.

"Tank de Lord! Tank de Lord! Clump lib to see his ole Massa agin; and dat young gemmen, — vy, lem'me see? vy, sure as I was birthed, ef dat aint — Massa Drake? — no, — Massa Walter? — no, — vy Juno, ole woman! dat are Massa Bob!" He took my hands and shook and squeezed them, saying over and over again, — "Massa Bob am cum ter see de ole cradle. Oh! hi! hi!"

CHAPTER II.

THE DREAM CONFIRMED BY REALITY.

THREE years elapsed before I saw the Cape again. Indeed, the remembrance of that visit there, of one night only, began to assume indistinctness as a dream, and sometimes as I thought of it, recalling the events of the ride there and back in the chaise, the wild scenery and the strange sound of the surf, the old dark house and the devoted black servants, — sometimes, I say, as I thought of all those, as I loved to do when I settled myself in bed for the night, or when in summer I lay on my back in the grass looking up at the flying clouds, — I would have to stop and fix my attention sharp, to be sure whether it ever had been a reality, or whether it might not be, after all, only a dream. I think my father was afraid of the fascination of the Cape for us boys — afraid its charms, if we once partook of them freely, might distract our attention from the order and duties of school life. To be sure, we always went to the country with our parents for a

month or six weeks, and enjoyed it tremendously, laying up a stock of trout, squirrel, and bull-frog stories, to last us through the winter. But there was no other country, we imagined, like the Cape, and as father and mother never lived there, and rarely spent even a single night on the old property, they thought it best, I suppose, that we should not run wild there and get a relish for what all boys seem to have, in some degree, by nature. I mean the spirit of adventure, and love of the sea.

However, the good time came at last, or a reliable promise of it first, just fifty years ago this very February. We larger children — Walter, sixteen years of age, Drake, fourteen, and I, Robert, twelve — were attending school, as usual, in Boston, and were, as usual too in the winter evenings, at work over our lessons at the library table, when, on one never-to-be-forgotten evening, father, who was sitting in an easy-chair by the fire, suddenly asked, "Boys, how would you like to pass next summer on the Cape?" Ah! did n't we three give a terrific chorus of assent? "Bully! Bully! Splendid!" we cried, while Walter just quietly laid the top of his head on the table and thereupon turned a somersault, bringing his heels surprisingly near the chandelier, but arriving in safety *vis-á-vis* to his former

position. Drake, as always when extremely pleased, tried to accomplish the rubbing of his stomach and the patting of his head both at the same time; and I climbed into the chair with my father and stroked his long brown beard.

"Bob, boy, you are the only one of my youngsters who has been at the old place, and you must have painted it as a wonderful corner of the earth, that Walter and Drake should testify their pleasure in such savage gymnastics. And look here, Walter, when you wish to turn acrobat again, let it not be in this library and on that walnut table, — choose some piece of sawdust out-doors. Well boys, *perhaps* you can pass the summer at the Cape. I do not promise it, but shall try to arrange it so, if your mother is willing; but under the unfailing condition that you make good progress in your studies until that time."

"Shall we all be there together, father, and for the whole summer? and without any school? How stunning!"

"Not too fast, Drake. Without school? What an idea! why in six months you would be as wild and ignorant as the sheep there. No; you shall have a strict tutor, who will keep you in harness and help Walter well on to his entrance next year

at Cambridge. But only you three will be there. I have some business in the West, and I shall take your mother and Aggie and Charley with me."

During those February evenings, there were many more conversations on the same subject, full of interest to us boys, and finally it was fully decided by our father and mother that we should go in May, and stay there until autumn; that a certain Mr. Clare should be our tutor, and that Clump and Juno should be our housekeepers and victuallers.

Never did a spring-time appear longer and more wearisome. We counted every day, and were disgusted with March for having thirty-one. What greatly increased our impatience and the splendor of our anticipation was that, some time in March, father told us that a small brig had been shipwrecked on the Cape, and that he had purchased the wreck as it lay, well-preserved and firmly held in the rocks about common tide-water. He proposed, at some future time, to make use of it as a sort of storehouse, or perhaps dwelling for laborers. A shipwreck! a real wreck! and on our Cape! Stranded on the very shore of our Robinson Crusoe-like paradise! Just imagine our excitement!

The particulars of the wreck were as follows:

A brig of three hundred tons' burden, on a voyage from the East Indies to Salem, having lost her reckoning because of three days' storm, suddenly made a light on one of the prominent headlands near the northern extremity of Massachusetts Bay, and as quickly lost it again in the fog which shut about the brig. The captain, mistaking the light he had seen for some other well-known beacon, set his course accordingly. That was near nine o'clock in the evening. The wind and current helped him on the course steered, and a little after midnight the misguided brig struck with a tremendous thump hard on a rock three quarters of a mile south-west of our point of land. The wind had then increased to a gale, and was gathering new strength with every moment. In less than an hour the thumping and grating of the vessel's keel ceased, and then the captain knew that the rising tide had set him off the rock, but alas! his good brig was leaking badly, and the fierce wind was driving her — whither the captain knew not; and in five minutes more, by the force of the wind and suction of the shore current, she was thrown on the top of the breakers high up on a rocky projection of our Cape. One sailor was thrown overboard by the shock, and was dashed to death, probably in an instant, by the

fierce waves. The next day, when the storm had abated, the body was found far above where the brig lay fastened immovably in the vice-like fissure of enormous rocks. Three hundred dollars, which perhaps the poor fellow had saved to bring home to his old mother in Salem, were found in a belt around his waist.

The damaged cargo was removed, and the wreck sold at auction, my father being the purchaser.

The poor sailor's grave was one of the first points of interest to us when our visit to the Cape commenced; and many a time that season did I sit and watch the brown headstone topping the bleakest part of the sea-bluff, and as the great voice of the sea, dashing and foaming on the stony beach beneath, sang in its eternal melancholy grandeur, I fancied long, long histories of what might have been that sailor's life; and I wondered sadly if the poor mother knew where her son's grave was, and whether she would sometime come to find it. On the stone was written: —

HARRY BREESE

LIES HERE, NEAR WHERE A CRUEL SHIPWRECK CAST HIM,

MARCH 23d, 1814:

Aged 24 yrs. 2 mos. and 17 days.

Rest in peace, poor body; Thy shipmate, SOUL, has gone aloft, where thy dear Captain, JESUS, is.

By the 7th May everything was prepared for our departure. On the next morning early we were to start in a big coach, and, what had lately added to our brilliant anticipations, Harry and Alfred Higginson, two of our most intimate friends, were to go with us — to be with us all the summer, join our studies and our fun. But we were to separate from our father and mother, and from our dear sister Aggie and the little Charley — from all those dear ones from whom we had never been parted for a day and night before. We were to leave for half a year. All this, covered at first by the hopes and fancies we had built, and by the noise and activity of preparation, appeared then, when everything was packed, and we, the evening before the journey, drew our chairs about the tea-table. The prospect of such a magnificent time as we expected to have on the Cape, lost some of its brilliancy. Indeed, I positively regretted that we were to go. We boys were as hushed as frightened mice.

After tea, Drake and I got very close to mother on the sofa, but Walter lounged nervously about, trying to appear, I think, as if such an affair — a parting for six months — were nothing to such a big fellow as he. Aggie came and held my hand. When father had lighted a cigar, he and mother

commenced to give us careful instructions how we were to regulate our time and conduct during the separation from them; we were directed about our lessons, clothes, language, and play; to be kind and patient with Clump and Juno; and very particular were our orders about the new tutor, Mr. Clare, to whom we had been formally introduced a few days before, and we were required to promise solemnly that we would obey him implicitly in every respect. Besides which, father surprised and delighted us very much by the information that he had engaged an old Calcutta captain of his, who was then lying idle waiting the building of a new ship, Captain Mugford, of the fishing town across the bay from our Cape, to be with us often through the summer in our out-of-school hours; that he would be, as it were, our skipper — perhaps reside with us — and that he was to have full command in all our water amusements; he would teach us to swim, to row, and to sail. That last subject cheered us up a bit, and when I saw Walter, who was still walking up and down the room, going through a pantomimic swim, striking out his arms in big circles, right and left, I commenced to smile, and Drake to laugh outright. So our conference ended in good spirits. And then we all kneeled in family prayer, and that

evening before the parting, as we kneeled and heard my father's earnest words, I realized fully, perhaps for the first time, how, more than parents or friends, God was our Father; how, though we were going away from home and its securities, yet God was to be with us, stronger and kinder than any on earth, to guard and care for us.

During the few days we had known Mr. Clare, he had been with us constantly, but we had not decided whether to like him or not. He seemed pleasant, and was easy enough, both in his manners and conversation, but yet he had a calm and decided way that was rather provoking; as if to say, "I have read you through and through, boys, and can govern you as easily as possible." Now we had no idea of resisting him; we intended to behave well, and therefore his manner rather nettled us. However, there was not much to object to. His appearance was certainly all right, — a large, bright, manly face and hearty smile, and a strong, agile figure. We five boys had talked him over, and at the last balloting our votes were a tie, for Walter declined to express an opinion yet, whether Mr. Clare was a "screw," or a "good fellow." Harry Higginson and Drake voted "screw," whilst Alfred and I said "good fellow."

We must pass over the "good-byes" of the next morning. Let us imagine there were no wet eyes and sinking hearts. However it may have been, the big coach, containing Mr. Clare and five boys, and loaded well with trunks and boxes, rattled from our house in Chestnut Street at about six o'clock on that eighth morning in May, fifty years ago. Our hearts cheered up with the growth of the sun. By ten o'clock we were very talkative; by one, very hungry. A goodly hamper, handed from outside by the driver, settled that complaint. The afternoon was tedious. By nightfall, it grew chilly. Ah! we were approaching the sea. By nine at night, innumerable stars were twinkling over a dusky point of land which seemed to have waded out as far as possible into the indefinable expanse mirroring unsteadily a host of lights. A strong, damp, briny breath came up to us, and a vast murmur as if thousands of unseen, mysterious, deep-voiced spirits were chanting some wonderful religious service. "Whoa!"; with a heavy lurch the rumbling coach came to a stand. We had arrived before the old stone ark that was to be our home for half a year.

THE WRECK P. 21

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCTION TO OUR SALT TUTOR AND THE WRECK.

It was on Wednesday night that we became the guests of Clump and Juno, and commenced our Cape life. The next morning at breakfast — and what a breakfast! mutton-stew, johnny-cake, honey, and as much fresh milk as we wanted — Mr. Clare told us that we need not commence our studies until the next week; that we could have the remainder of this week as holidays in which to make a thorough acquaintance with our new world.

The first wishes were to see the wreck and Captain Mugford, and immediately after breakfast we started out with Mr. Clare to find those items of principal interest. When we had got beyond a hillock and an immense boulder of pudding-stone, which stood up to shut out the beach view from the west side of the house, we saw the wreck, only about half a mile off, and hurried down to it. Mr. Clare joined in the race and beat us, although Walter pushed him pretty hard.

The brig sat high up on the rocky cliff, where only the fullest tides reached it. The deck careened at a small angle, and the stern projected several feet beyond the rocks hanging over the sea. The bow pointed toward the house. The brig's mainmast only was standing, to the tip of which Captain Mugford had fixed the American flag. The bowsprit was but little injured, and the cordage of that and of the mainmast was there, and the shrouds — all of which had been replaced by Captain Mugford, who, having made the wreck his residence by my father's wishes, restored to it some of the grace and order the good brig possessed before misfortune overtook her, and now it looked fit for either a sailor or a landsman, — a curious mongrel, half ship, half house. By the stump of the mizzen-mast there stood a stove-pipe projecting from the deck.

When near the brig, which we always afterwards called by the name she had sailed under — *Clear the Track* — we hailed, "Brig ahoy!" In a moment the head and shoulders of the Captain appeared above the companion-way, and his sonorous voice answered heartily, "Ah! ahoy, my hearties: this is the good brig *Clear the Track*: come aboard." He cast over the side a rope-ladder, such as is used

on board men-of-war, and we climbed to the quarter-deck, over the stern of which, and covering the companion-way, there had been built a roof or open cabin, making that part of the brig answer the same purposes as the porch of a house. There were benches along the sides, a spy-glass hanging overhead in crotches, and a binnacle close by where the wheel had once stood.

The Captain, however, just then, fixed our attention more than the strangely fitted-up wreck. He was short, only about five feet four in height, with very heavy, broad, straight shoulders, immense chest, long arms, very narrow, compact hips, and short, sturdy legs, much bowed. His features were large, straight, and determined, and with something of the bull-dog in them, yet stamped with kindness, intelligence, and humor, — a face that might be a terror to an enemy, as it was a surety to a friend. It was well bronzed by many a storm and tropical sun, and a dark beard grew on it, as the wild moss on the sea-rocks, in a luxuriant, disorderly manner. His hair was very thick, black, and glossy, only here and there flecked with the gray of age, and hung in curls that almost made his rough and powerful head even handsome. Walter said that night that he was sure Samson and Neptune were relatives,

for without doubt the Captain was descended from both of them. With the jaw-bone of an ass, he might put to flight a thousand Philistines, and with a trident drive a four-in-hand of porpoises.

We told that to the Captain afterwards, when we got to know him well, and it tickled him greatly. He declared it was the finest compliment he had ever received, and took Walter high in his favor from that moment.

Our new friend never wore either collar or vest. When not "on duty," as he expressed it, he went about in his shirt-sleeves. His breeches were of the ample sailor-cut, and hung from suspenders as intricate as a ship's rigging. His shirts were spotlessly white, and of very fine linen. A short black pipe was always in his mouth, or sticking its clay stem from a waistband pocket.

Such, my dear boys, was Captain Mugford, whom we fellows dubbed "our salt tute," in contradistinction to Mr. Clare, who was afterwards known as "our fresh tutor."

As Mr. Clare came over the brig's side, he said, with a bow, "Captain Mugford, I believe these boys are to be, sir, both your crew and my scholars. I am their tutor, Richard Clare."

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Clare. Give me

your hand, sir. I hope our different commands will not clash."

As the skipper shook hands, he looked Mr. Clare all over in a flash, and smiled as if pleased with the inspection. "Come here boys; by the admiral's whiskers, sir, these fellows will do to sail any craft on land or water! Well, my hearties, we are often to be shipmates, so let 's be friends to start with. I don't know your different names, boys, only that three of you are Graves, sons of my old friend, — that 's good enough, — and you all look as if you hated lies and kept above deck."

"These," said Mr. Clare, laying his hands on Harry's and Alfred's shoulders, "are Higginsons?"

"Higginsons? Well, we old chaps, whose fathers and grandfathers, for many generations, have lived in this neighborhood, know that one of our first and bravest settlers and truest men, was a Francis Higginson. *Higginson?* Eh! that 's good enough; there 's the right sort of a ring about that name. And if all you boys act as honest as you look, you need not care for shipwrecks of any kind, — love or money, lands or goods, by land or by water."

By gracious! we thought the Captain a stunner. So he was. So he proved.

We passed all the morning on the wreck. Each one of its details was a new delight. The Captain talked about the brig as if she were a human being in misfortune. An old invalid, he said, — a veteran old salt laid up in a sailor's snug harbor; laid up and pensioned for the remainder of life, where it was able to overlook, by the side and in the very spray of its well-loved brine, the billows it had often gloried in.

We went below to the Captain's cabin and state-room. There everything bore the marks of sea-habitation, and hearing the dash of the waves on the shore, and listening to the Captain's talk, I could not help fancying myself on a voyage. Not a nook or hole of that vessel but we explored, and numberless questions had each one of us to ask. Mr. Clare seemed as much pleased and interested as we. Off on play now, he was as heartily a boy as any of us.

Great was our astonishment — Mr. Clare, however, was prepared for it — upon going between decks, where the cargo had once been stored, to find ourselves in a *school-room*, — a long, low school-room. Thick glass windows, only about eighteen inches square, had been set in on each side, and protected with dead-lights to fasten tight in case a

heavy surf should dash up so high, and the entire hold — where on many and many long voyages there had been stored, in darkness, spices, silks, coffee, cashmeres, opium, and jewels — was now transformed to a school-room.

There was a long table, and there were globes and maps, shelves of books, and a blackboard. That school-room had, I am sure, none of the dulness and repulsiveness of other school-rooms to us. No; it rather seemed a delightful place, — an Arabian Nights' sort of study, with a romantic salty influence pervading it to comfort us at our tasks. We could take hold there of geography and history. Mathematics in a vessel's hold, what was it but a foreshadowing of navigation? We felt no hostility to Latin and Greek, for we were but reading of foreign lands and strange people across the ocean in old times, the occurrences of which were but storm-cast hulks like our old brig.

So low was our roof, the deck, that the crown of Walter's cap touched it, and Mr. Clare had to bend his neck when he moved about. The square, dwarf windows looked out on nothing but jagged rocks and rolling blue waves.

Away forward and aft our school-room was dark, and the distance between decks so narrowed that we

could only explore those extremes of the hold by going on hands and knees — with the chance, too, of starting some big rat, an old gray navigator, perhaps, who, believing firmly in "Don't give up the ship!" could not get over his surprise at seeing his once rolling and well-stored residence now stationary, and furnishing no better victuals than book-leaves, chalk, and sometimes the crumbs of a boy's lunch. I imagined the crew of old rats assembling beneath the globes at night, when a moon streamed through the small windows; and the captain, a surly gray fellow, with long whiskers and brown, broken grinders, taking his place on a Greek lexicon, and then, the speeches of inquiry and indignation shrilly uttered in the mass meeting. "Long tails," — would commence some orator with a fierce squeak, — "long tails, long tails, I say; what in the name of all that 's marine does this mean? Cheese and spices! how things are changed. Will this craft never sail, and our parents waiting for us in Calcutta, in Bombay, and where not else in the East! Where is our 'life on the ocean wave'? where is, I say, where 'a home in the rolling deep'? Can it be that our young are no longer to be rocked in nests of camel's hair,— no longer to be nourished on Indian rice and maize? Alas! if

it has come to that, I myself will gnaw the beard from the old curmudgeon who thinks he sleeps here safely. Is the degradation of effeminate land rats, cheese-eaters, wharf robbers, stable vermin, to come upon us? Fates forbid it! Soon, perhaps, some bloody tabby may come to make our once brave hearts tremble. Then, then," — but I imagined the eloquence broken off there and giving place to a furious scamper, as perhaps old Captain Mugford, arrayed in a long night-shirt and red bandanna night-cap, would fling open his state-room door and send a bootjack flying amid the noisy, noxious animals.

To think that our school-house was on such a wild sea-shore — in a wrecked vessel, the same craft in which poor Harry Breese, who rested on the bluff near by, had voyaged and been lost from. To have the smell of tar, and be surrounded by a thousand other sailor-like associations. To have, too, of a warm day, as we sat over our books, odors, barely perceptible, come to our nostrils, of cinnamon, cedar-wood, and camphor, which had journeyed once through jungles and by Indian rivers, and lain in Hindoo palaces perhaps, and been borne on elephants' backs, and which had then crossed the ocean through storms and calms; and at length, after helping the fortunes of merchants in Boston

and Salem, and in the East, been scattered through the length and breadth of the United States, taking perfume, adornment, and luxury to numerous communities. What a glorious school-house, — that old wreck by the ocean. What boy ever had a finer one?

The afternoon of that first day of novelty on the Cape, I remember with minute distinctness. We strolled about the beaches and climbed the rocks, everything being marvellous and delightful to us. In the evening Captain Mugford came in, and Mr. Clare and he talked whilst we boys listened. After the Captain had gone, Mr. Clare read the evening prayers to us, and that grand Psalm, the one hundred and seventh. The words reached us with the noise of the waves they sang of: —

"They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. So when they cry unto the Lord," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN MUGFORD'S SATURDAY LESSON.

With a new week commenced our studies, — order in tasks and play taking the place of the license and excitement of the first days of novelty.

By Mr. Clare's rule we reached our school-house in the wreck every morning at eight, — that is, every morning except Saturday and Sunday. The brig's bell was our summons. Captain Mugford struck it as punctually as if the good order and safety of a large crew were dependent on his correctness. Our school hours continued until half-after-one. The remainder of each day was our own, only subject to the general directions of Mr. Clare and the instructions of Captain Mugford in boating. Of course that was no task, — rather the very best sport we had. Mr. Clare grew fast in our good opinions. He was strict; but boys do not dislike strictness when it is mated with justice and guided by a firm and amiable disposition, as it was with our tutor. We soon got to see that Mr.

Clare, in his way, was as much of a *man* as Captain Mugford, and that the Captain respected him highly. The Captain always liked to have an evening smoke with our tutor, and, in the boating excursions, was much jollier when Mr. Clare made one of the party, as he often did. He was our master in school, but only wished to be our companion in play. In every athletic exercise he excelled, and I dare say that was one great reason of the powerful influence he soon gained with us, — for boldness, strength, and agility are strong recommendations to boyish admiration. About two weeks after the commencement of our Cape life, as we were going to bed one night, "our fresh tute" became the subject of discussion; and our first opinions were changed by a vote, in which all but Drake joined, that Mr. Clare was a regular brick. Drake had a prejudice against tutors that required more than two weeks to break up. He allowed that Mr. Clare seemed a very respectable sort of fellow, but then he said: —

"I can't join in all the praise you boys give him: now my idea of a 'regular brick' is our 'salt tute.' Thunder! he 's the sort of man for me. If Captain Mugford *only* knew Latin and Greek!"

Mr. Clare was from Maine. His parents being

very poor, he had gotten his education under difficulties, and did not enter Harvard until he was twenty-three years of age. After the common country schooling he could pick up in winter, — in summer being at work on his father's farm, — at seventeen he became a lumberman; preparing himself for college in the hours he was off work or had to take from sleep. So he had a life of some difficulty and adventure; and now, in his own hours, he was studying to become a clergyman. Notwithstanding such a boyhood of labor, his manners were good and agreeable, and no one would ever have guessed that his training until college had been that of a farm-hand and a lumberman.

It was some time before we made acquaintance with the sail-boat which had been provided by our father, for the first weeks of our new life were stormy and cold. What whetted our desire for a sail was that Captain Mugford would not even show us the boat. We would tease him, and guess at every mast we saw in the Bay, but the Captain only laughed, and put us off with such remarks as: "Keep your powder dry, my young hearties!" "Avast heaving! the skipper is dumb."

However, one fine morning the Captain steered into our breakfast-room before all the warm brown

cakes garnished with maple-syrup were stowed away. "At it, ain't you boys, with forecastle appetites? Pitch in, old fellows; make the butter fly!" He had wished Mr. Clare a good morning, sat down on the corner of a side-table, wiped his forehead with a great red silk handkerchief, and got his elbows well a-kimbo, before he directed the remark to us. There he sat, shaking with a pleasant little interior rumble of laughter at our earnestness in the meal, and expressing his appreciation every few moments with, "Well! that's jolly!" which remark each time portended another series of sub-waistcoat convulsions. He got through laughing as we finished breakfast, and then each of us went up for a shake of his hand.

"Your cargoes are in, — when do you sail?"

"O Captain! can we sail to-day?" we all cried, for the joke and his unusually radiant face signified something better to come.

"I reckon so, if Mr. Clare says yes. That's my business here this fine Saturday. Yes, Mr. Clare? Thank you! the youngsters are mad for a trip under canvas. You will go with us, sir, I hope? Thank you again! Scamper, boys, for your caps! We are in for a bender. Ha! ha! ha! With your permission, Mr. Clare, I will fill my

JUNO LIGHTING THE CAPTAIN'S PIPE. P. 35

pipe. Juno! Juno! Ah! there you are. Do, like a good old woman, get me a coal out of your wood-fire, — just such a red, round piece of hickory as Clump always chooses."

Presently Juno trudged smiling back, with a hot coal held in the tongs.

"Here Massa! here, Capting, is de berry heart of de fire!" — and laying it carefully in the bowl of his pipe — "dat, sar, will keep yer terbacker gwine all day."

"Thank you, marm Juno! We shall try and bring you home some fish for dinner. A ninety-pound halibut, eh?"

The Captain having performed that operation so very necessary to his comfort, we all sallied forth for the long-anticipated sail.

The Cape was about three-quarters of a mile wide where our house stood, — it being on high ground, about half-way between the ocean and bay side. The ground fell gradually in wave-like hillocks in both directions, and its only growth was a short, coarse grass on which the sheep seemed to thrive. Here and there we saw them in little companies of eight or ten, but before we could get within fifty yards they scampered off in fright, so unaccustomed were they to strangers.

Soon we descried a boat with pennant flying at a mooring just off the bay-shore before us. That, the Captain told us, was our "school-ship." "And now come, boys," said he, "let us see which one of you will be the best hand on watch when we sail a frigate together — let us see which one can first read the boat's name ; it is on the pennant."

At that distance we were all baffled.

"Well, try ten yards nearer — there, halt! Now try."

We all strained our eyes. I thought it read, "Wave."

"No, Robert, it is not Wave. Come boys, sharpen your eyes on the sides of your noses, and try again."

"I can read it," shouted Harry Higginson, throwing up his hat, "Youth! Youth! — that 's it."

"Yes, that 's it. Hurrah for you, Master Harry! I promote you on the spot, captain of the main-top."

We hurried down to a white sand beach on which lay a dory (so they call a light, flat-bottomed boat, much used in New England waters). In that the Captain pulled us, three at a time, out to the *Youth*. When well under sail and flying out for more open water, our good skipper at the

tiller, having filled his pipe, rolled up his sleeves, and taughtened the sheet a bit, said: —

"Boys, this craft is yours, but I am Commodore until each and all of you have learned to sail her as well as I. May you prove quick to learn, and I quick to teach. But, by the keel of Jason's ship! my pipe is out already. Give us a light, shipmate," — I was trying to make a match hold fire in the skull of my cap — "there! — puff — puff — puff — that will do. I must talk less and smoke more."

As the jolly Captain got up a storm of smoke, slapped me a stinger on the knee, and winked at the pennant, Mr. Clare jumped up and swinging his hat, cried: —

"Boys, let's give cheers, three rousing cheers, for our brave boat the *Youth* and her good master, Captain Mugford!"

And did n't we give them? ! ! !

CHAPTER V.

BATH BAY LESSON. THE MIDNIGHT COUNCIL.

JUNE came before we had made acquaintance with all the corners of our little new-world. Every day it grew in interest to us, and with the increasing fine weather was the most beautiful spot on earth in our eyes. Once a week one of us was allowed to go over to the town with Clump, in his row-boat, and get letters from the post-office. That opportunity was always improved to lay in a store of spruce beer, candies, and peanut-cakes. Each one's turn to be commissary only came once in five weeks.

Clump enjoyed those trips as much as we. He would have meats or other things to get for the table, but would always reach the boat first in returning, and when he saw his "young master" — as he called each of us boys — coming down the wharf loaded with a week's supply of sweet things, the old darkey would commence to grin and slap his sharp knees, the slaps growing quicker and the

grin breaking into "yha! yha! yhi!" as we drew near enough to show him the different purchases. For instance, I would come down the wharf on the run, and when I got within hail of the boat would hold up a brown paper parcel, and call: —

"Clump, — peanuts, Clump!"

"Yas, Massa Bob, dem 's good. Oh, dose boys!"

"See, Clump, — cocoanut, — what a whopper!"

"Yha! Golly, Massa Bob, *you 's* got a cokenut, — wal, I nebber! Hi! hi! i!"

"Clump, just look at that!" — holding up a bottle of spruce beer — "Rum, rum, old man!" At which joke the jolly, shrivelled-up, old darkness would almost keel backwards in the boat.

"Er now den! y-har! yhar! ya! Wy you tell me dat? You, Massa Bob, — you — you — oh! yhi! yhi! my old black soul! Ter say you young white gemmen drink dat tuff on'y made fur niggers. Rum! he-e-e!"

There was always a new pipe or a paper of tobacco for Clump, which he would lay on the seat beside him and then put out the oars and pull with long, slow sweeps for our neck, each swing accompanied by a grunt, which, however, did not break the conversation he carried on, telling stories of my father when he came as a boy often to the neck. Many

a frolic and adventure would he thus relate with great gusto, and he had generally, too, some remembrance of my grandfather to repeat.

About the twentieth of June, the water was warm enough to allow us to bathe, and then began that exercise the most graceful and most wholesome, and perhaps the manliest that one can practise.

Walter and both the Higginson boys could swim. Drake and I were beginners. Captain Mugford was our teacher. He chose a little bay that put in from the large bay on the neck-end of our Cape. Bath Bay, as we named it, was about two hundred and fifty yards long, and sixty to seventy yards wide. Its shores were rocks, except at its bow-end, where a soft beach sloped gradually for forty feet from shore. About fifteen feet beyond our depth the Captain had anchored a stationary staging, which was merely an old flat-boat caulked and floored over. It had steps and ropes from its sides, and was intended as the first object to reach and rest on when we had learned to swim a dozen or more strokes. Further on, half-way the length of Bath Bay, was a large, flat rock which stood at high tide two feet above water. Its sides were almost perpendicular, and were made accessible in the same way as "Youngster's Wharf." By that

name those who could already swim called our staging near the beach. Leander's Rock, for we had a name for everything, had a depth of nearly fifty feet, and a finer place for diving cannot be imagined. Bath Bay was shut in by its wall-like sides and a bluff behind the sand-beach from all the severe winds, but after a storm out at sea we would get an even swell that was very pleasant to float on.

Our time for bathing was between the close of school at half-after-one, and our dinner hour, three. All through the season, until early in October, we never lost a bath unless rain was falling heavily, so greatly did we enjoy it under the Captain's care. He would not have bathing-houses for us, as he said that the sun-bath after a swim was almost as good as the salt water itself. We had racks for our clothes on the beach beside the rocks. The Captain was always near the swimmers, in a dory, that in case of accident his assistance might be immediate.

Boys, if you have ever read Benjamin Franklin's directions to those learning to swim, you will understand the methods our Captain pursued to teach us. In his boat he was always dressed in bathing-clothes, and would often jump out to show us by

example how to swim under water, how to float, how to dive, etc. I can assure you we enjoyed that sport as much as any we had, and before many weeks had passed we could all swim a few strokes. By the close of the season, I, the youngest pupil, could swim out to Leander's Rock, dive from it twenty feet deep, and swim ashore again easily. But more about Bath Bay, and our adventures there, hereafter.

After our baths and Juno's nice dinners we usually went to sail, and in a few weeks the Captain let some of us take the helm, he sitting by to instruct and remedy, if need be, any mistake of whatever young sailor happened to be our skipper at the time. Sometimes, instead of sailing, we would row in an excellent boat which we had for that purpose, and four of us being at the oars, try how quick time we could make from point to point of the shore. With such practice, we made rapid improvement, and by the middle of July could row a mile in twelve minutes; a month before we could only do that in twenty minutes. Sometimes Mr. Clare and the Captain took oars in our boat; at other times they rowed against us in the Captain's dory. That was glorious fun, and how we fellows did strive to beat our tutors, and often came very

near it too, — so near that we determined, if there was any merit in TRY, to do it yet.

One night, — it was about the 18th of June, if my memory serves me, — when we had gone up to our rooms for bed, and got undressed, Walter, who had been very quiet ever since our row in the afternoon when our tutors contended with and beat us as usual, called us to order, that we might organize, he said, as a regular boat-club. We answered, "Good!" "Good!" and each boy, putting a pillow on his foot-board, took a senatorial seat, — each boy arrayed in the flowing cotton night-gown. When silence ensued, Walter addressed us in his energetic, determined way, but lowered his voice that not a whisper of our deliberations might reach the ears of Mr. Clare, who was only separated from us by a partition.

"Fellows, we *must* beat our tutes, — we must beat them or call ourselves *flunks* forever. Let's get our boat in good order immediately, — let's call her the 'Pupil,' — let's row every day, but not alongside of our adversary, — no, no! — but where we can't be seen, and for two hard hours each day. And I move we have a cockswain, and that Bob be the boy, — he is small, quick, and cool. Let's challenge our tutes to-morrow for a race" —

"Eh! eh! hurrah!" we all yelled.

"For a race, I say, on the Fourth of July."

"Gay! splendid! wh-o-o-p!" were our interruptions again, and Drake expressed his delight by taking the pillow from beneath him, and slinging it with tremendous speed at Alf Higginson's head, who in consequence keeled off his perch like a dead squirrel from a nut-tree. Alf fell heavily on his side, and we roared with laughter, but he was up in a moment and rushed at Drake with a bolster. Walter, our dignified chairman, swooped down from his perch in a second, and catching the incensed Alfred by the extremity of his flying robe, slung him under a bed.

"Order! Order, boys!" he cried. "Pretty fellows you are to hold a meeting. You, Drake! pitch any more pillows, and we 'll slide you out of the window. There, confound your racket! Mr. Clare is up. Before he comes hurry up and say, all together, 'We will beat.'"

"We will beat," was responded as fiercely as if life was at stake, and, as Mr. Clare opened the door to ascertain what was the disturbance, five innocent boys were under blankets and apparently sleeping the deepest slumber. Drake had even reached a regular bass snore. The moonlight streaming in the room, and which showed us a smile breaking irresistibly on Mr. Clare's face, was not more placid

than we. The door had hardly closed behind Mr. Clare before Harry Higginson had sprung from his bed and, almost on the space our tutor had stood a half second before, was enacting a ridiculous and vigorous pantomime of kicking our "fresh tute" from the room. As quickly the door opened again, and before Harry could get a single limb in order, Mr. Clare had him by the arm. But the whole affair was too humorous for even Mr. Clare's dignity. He could only say: —

"So you are the noisy one, Henry Higginson. You can get in bed now as quickly as you got out of it, and to-morrow, when the afternoon's study is done, recite to me fifty lines of Virgil, — from the twentieth to the seventieth line of the first book."

With that, Mr. Clare went from the room, and Harry with a low, long, whistled "phew," sought his bed disconsolately.

The next day at recess I, as cockswain, by Walter's order, handed copies of the following note to Captain Mugford and Mr. Clare: —

"Cape ——, *June*, 19, 1815.

"Messrs. Mugford & Clare: —

"The oarsmen of the dory *Pupil* would hereby challenge the gentlemen of the boat *Tutor* to a race on the

Fourth of July, in Bath Bay waters. The course to be from Youngster's Wharf around Leander's Rock, and return. Stakes to be — the championship of Bath Bay. The oarsmen of the *Pupil* would respectfully propose three P. M. as the hour for the race, and the firing of a gun the signal for the start. The oldest inhabitant, Clump, offers his services as umpire, referee, judge, and signal-man.

"All which is submitted for the acceptance and concurrence of the gentlemen of the *Tutor*.

(Signed) "WALTER GRAVES,
"HENRY C. HIGGINSON,
"DRAKE QUINCY GRAVES,
"ALFRED HIGGINSON,
} *Oarsmen.*
"ROBERT GRAVES, *Cockswain*."

Mr. Clare, when he read it, smiled and said he would see about it, and then turned to Henry and asked him if he had learned those fifty lines yet.

Captain Mugford was presented with his copy as he entered the house for dinner. "Hu-um!" he said, as he took the note in the hand with his hat, and wiped his red, wet forehead with an immense silk handkerchief printed with the maritime flags of all nations. "A note? Who writes me notes? Some of your nonsense, boys, eh?" So he hitched up his pants and sat down on the door-step, placing

the red handkerchief in his hat beside him. "Let 's see!"

"Good! good! that 's very good. The middies have got their dander up. The idea of such a stiff old sea-dog racing with you young bloods!"

"But you will though, won't you, Captain, and make Mr. Clare, too?" said Harry.

"I guess so, boys, if Mr. Clare will join, and we will make you smart. And I tell you what, young gentlemen, if you beat I 'll give you a splendid Malay race-boat that I have had stored in my ship-loft these three years."

"Hurrah! Captain, we shall win the boat!" we all cried.

"Ha! ha! what boys for warm weather! You talk as brave as an east wind. But I smell Juno's cooking; let 's go in and talk it over with Mr. Clare and a warm dish of stew."

It was all settled to our satisfaction before dinner was over. Mr. Clare enjoyed the thing as much as the Captain, and vowed they would have to practise together once a week. As for us, we never missed our two hours' pull every afternoon, rain or shine, blow high or blow low, until the all-important day, — the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER VI.

DISSENSIONS IN CAMP.

For every afternoon of those beautiful June days we rowed for two hours, from five to seven. Our studies were not relaxed in the morning, and our hours for swimming were regularly enjoyed, but the absorbing topic of thought and conversation was the approaching boat-race. Twice on Saturday afternoons we had seen Captain Mugford and Mr. Clare pulling in their dory. They did not condescend to practise oftener, but we noticed that they worked in earnest when they did row. With the confidence of youth we feared not, feeling sanguine that we must beat them.

There was a vein of discord, however, in our little colony. Alfred Higginson and my brother Drake, who only differed by a few months in age, in other respects differed greatly, and had never been able, since our first acquaintance, to get along together. Alfred Higginson was of a nervous, sensitive disposition, quick in temper, and easily pro-

voked. His tastes were fastidious. He was an excellent scholar (much better than my brother Drake), and very fond of reading. He entered fully in all our sports, but preferred fishing, sailing, and swimming, to our rougher, harder amusements. He drew excellently, landscape and marine views and figures. He was a healthy, active boy, and could beat us all in running. I have said his was a quick temper, but it was a forgiving one. If he laughed not as loud and often as many of us, he caused us to laugh oftener than any, for he had a quick, dry humor and witty tongue. When it came to chaffing, he was always conqueror.

Drake Graves was entirely unlike Alfred Higginson. He was a hardy, rough, jolly boy, overflowing with fun and animal life, what you call a "regular boy." Never quiet, — laughing, singing, whistling all the time, heels over head in everything, pitching into his studies as irrepressibly as into his games, but with more success in the latter, though he was a fair student; better in his mathematics and other English studies than in the languages. The only reading he cared for was that of travel and adventure, voyages of whalemen and discoverers, histories of pirates, Indian scenes, hunting stories, war histories, Walter Scott's Novels,

Swift's Gulliver, and the unequalled "Robinson Crusoe." Everything he could find about the Crusaders he revelled in, and even went at Latin with a rush when, Cæsar and Nepos being put aside, the dramatic narrative of Virgil opened to him, and the adventures of the Trojan heroes became his daily lesson. But that he had to feed his interest, crumb by crumb, painfully gathered by dictionary and grammar, made him chafe. He enjoyed it though with all of us, when after each day's recitation, — after we boys had marred and blurred the elegance and spirit of Virgil's eloquence with all sorts of labored, limping translations, that made Mr. Clare fairly writhe in his chair, — our tutor would drop a word of commendation for Walter's better rendering of the poem, and then read the lesson himself and go over in advance that for the next day. Then the ribs and decks of our school-room in the wrecked brig melted away as the scenes of the Æneid surrounded us. The dash of the waves we heard was on the Trojan shore, or the coast of Latium, as we wandered with storm-tossed Æneas. Or we walked the splendid court of Dido, or were contending in battle with the warlike Turnus for our settlement in Latium. Turnus and the fierce Mezentius were Drake's favorites. He never liked Æneas, who was

always Alfred Higginson's hero. Those readings were often disturbed by Drake's exclamations. His overflowing, outspoken disposition could not be restrained when his interest was powerfully enlisted; and as Mr. Clare read in his clear, impassioned manner, some exciting passage, Drake would shout out an exclamation of encouragement or satisfaction with a favorite warrior, and bring down his fist on the desk, or rip out an "Oh, Thunder!" as another favorite was discomfited or came to grief. I remember very well how often Drake was reproved for such unreasonable enthusiasm, which always caused an after sarcasm or witticism from Alfred Higginson; and I distinctly recall how, notwithstanding the formality of school-hours, when we came to the single combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the death of the latter, Drake flung his book from the table and shouted out in an angry voice, "I 'll bet Virgil lies!"

Those readings were treats to all of us. Drake having told Captain Mugford of them, and discussed the incidents that vexed him with the Captain, got him so interested that he asked Mr. Clare to allow him to come in at the close of our recitations. Of course that favor was readily granted, and thereafter the Captain always made one of the auditors.

He used to laugh and shake over Drake's excitement, and yet entered into it himself, and I have seen salt drops running down his cheeks and Mr. Clare's, as the latter rendered in a voice slightly trembling some of the pathetic passages in which Virgil is so exquisitely beautiful.

I am glad to write of those lessons in the old brig's carcass, for they are remembered so pleasantly. Moreover, it came naturally in drawing my dear brother Drake's character, and the effect of those heroical classics influenced, in a manner very Don Quixotic, the crisis of the continued quarrel between Drake and Alfred Higginson, to which we are coming. The great dissimilarity in the characters of the two was a reason of their want of sympathy and agreement, one with the other, but the causes of the open warfare which existed between them were the faults of each. The irritability, slight conceit, and stinging tongue of Alfred Higginson; the teasing practices, want of toleration for the feelings and peculiarities of others, and a certain recklessness of Drake's. And yet they were both noble boys, with nothing false or ungenerous or underhand about either of them.

Ever since we had come to the Cape, their skirmishes of words and disagreement had been con-

tinual, and several more tangible collisions, where blows commenced to be the exchanges between them, were nipped in the bud by Walter and the others of us, and once by the Captain, who, wrought up by their quarrelsomeness, separated them pretty fiercely, and, holding each at arm's length, told them with one of the damns he used at sea, that, if there was any fighting to be done among his crew, he must have a hand in it. Then he laughed one of his bars of rollicking "ha has," and dropped the boys with the injunction that if they had another "mill," he should certainly let their fathers know. "Now boys, try if you cannot get along better, and when you have a quarrel again, bring it to Mr. Clare or me and we will settle it better than your knocks and scratches can."

You remember how Drake knocked Alfred from the foot-board of his bed on the occasion of our night meeting to get up the boat-race. That was a good example of Drake's reckless rudeness, proceeding merely from his boisterous disposition, but somehow those blow-outs were always directed to Alfred, just as the rough points of Alfred's disposition were sure to be turned to Drake. That fall had hurt Alfred, and from the date of the commencement of our boat-practice, the war between

the two had waxed hotter and hotter. The contest seemed only to amuse Harry Higginson, but Walter — our mentor, my conscientious, tender-hearted brother, who led us all in games as well as lessons — worried over it, and each day he exhorted the two to govern their tempers, and, with great tact and decision whenever he saw a storm brewing, managed to throw oil upon the waters. However, his influence did not heal up the difference, and in about a fortnight, a few days before the Fourth of July, there occurred during our afternoon boat-practice a little row between the two antagonists, which proved a final skirmish before the severe but ludicrous battle which crowned the civil war.

We were rowing in Bath Bay, as usual, Walter pulling the stroke oar and Harry Higginson the bow, whilst Drake and Alfred held the intermediate positions, Drake sitting behind Alfred, that is, nearer the bow. I had my place with the tiller.

Alfred Higginson had made a very ridiculous blunder in a French translation that morning. Such a thing was unusual for him, and was such a comical one that it set the others of the class in a roar of laughter. Drake was so extravagantly affected by Alf's blunder, that Mr. Clare had to stop his laughter, which was half genuine and half pre-

tence, by ordering him out of the room. Even then we heard him ha-ha-ing outside. Poor Alfred was terribly mortified, and did not recover his composure even when school-hour was over, and the first greeting he received on emerging from the house was from Drake, who immediately mimicked Alfred's mistake, and performed a variety of antics supposed to proceed from convulsions of mirth. On the way to the boat, Drake continued to tease Alfred. Walter reproved him continually, and even took hold of him once to compel him to stop; but he was in one of his most boisterous moods, and was so very funny that he kept every one but Alfred in shouts of laughter. But Alfred lashed him with the bitterest satire, and, as they say, "made him laugh on the other side of his mouth" sometimes, until by the time we had reached the bay Drake had subsided into silence, and the tight-closing of his lips, and quick walk, proved that Alfred's sharp wit was more fatal than Drake's broad fun. Both of the boys rowed sullenly, and we all felt that a storm was brewing. In the final round, when we made the course at our best and timed the performance, so as to notice what improvement we were making, Alfred caught a crab with his oar, in consequence of which the head of Drake's oar hit him sharply in the back.

The mortification of a misstroke is enough to anger a boatman, but coming as it did after the morning's blunder in class, and made, too, a pain of the flesh by Drake's blow, it was too much for Alfred's temper, and as Drake increased the irritants by calling him an "awkward lout," and then mimicking the blunder of translation with the accompaniment of a shout of laughter, Alfred turned quickly and slapped his tantalizer a stinging blow in the face.

In a moment the two boys clinched, and, in a shorter period than it takes my pen to write it, the boat was upset, and we were all in the water. The combatants still clung to one another, and disappeared together. The adage, however, that "discretion is the better part of valor," enforced by such a deep, cold plunge, bore proof; for the irate youths came to the surface apart, and we all struck out for the rocks, distant about eighty yards. We climbed like drowned rats up the shore, where the fight was not resumed. Its very strange continuation was postponed until the Saturday after the boat-race, which must be reserved for another chapter. We, however, read then in the faces of the discomfited antagonists, as plainly as you read here, —

"To be continued."

CHAPTER VII.

FOURTH OF JULY MORNING. CLUMP'S STORY.

THE day before the Fourth was a Monday. In consideration of beginning a week's study to have it broken off again on Tuesday, and because of the many preparations there were to make for the Fourth, Mr. Clare gave us the two holidays. We had our swim and boat-practice Monday morning, and then set to work to arrange for the events of the next day, every one taking hold with a zest. First the boat was carefully hauled up on the shore and turned over on a way of joists we had prepared for her. The bottom was then carefully washed, and, after that, thoroughly rubbed with fine sand-paper, — about an hour's work, at which we all had a hand. Having got the sides and keel beautifully smooth in that way, Clump brought a kettle of pure grease, which was stood over a little fire of drift-wood, and when the grease had become liquid, Walter, with a large fine paint-brush, anointed the entire boat's bottom in a most painstaking manner. We boys stood by entering into the operation, which

was supposed to prove wonderfully efficacious in increasing our boat's speed, with great interest, and Clump bent over the kettle, stirring the oil, and puffing at the short stem of his pipe eagerly.

Grouped with such absorbing concern about the body of the boat, Walter moving slowly from stem to stern, and stern to stem, laying on the magic oil (unctuous of victory to our noses), with steady sweeps, and the bent figure of black old Clump beside the cauldron, from which rose a curling smoke, we must have made a tableau, — of heathen offering sacrifice, or some other savage mystery.

The all-important job was at length completed, and we left our ark of many hopes to rest until the exciting hour of the morrow.

Clump was a sharer in our great expectations. His heart was set upon our success. He had to fill his pipe again before we left the boat, and pulled at it nervously and wrinkled his black skin into countless puckers as he walked beside us, thinking of the vast interests at stake and listening to our excited conversation. As we left him to go over to town for a small cannon we had borrowed to assist the celebration of the Fourth, he touched Walter on the sleeve and said in the most slow and earnest manner, as he drew the pipe from his mouth and knocked its ashes on the ground: —

"An I 'se to be judge an' udder ting you 'se talk of, Massa Walter, eh? An I 'se to fire de gun, eh? W-a-ll, I 'se an ole nigger, an' my heart ees shree-veled up like, I s'pose, but by gorry, young massas, ef you dont beat, old Clump will jist loaden up de musket again an' — an' — an' *but* 'is 'ed agin de rock! Yah, fur sure!"

Having delivered himself of that tragical decision in a manner mixed of sadness and frenzy, he hobbled off, amidst our laughter and assurances that we should never allow him to injure the rock in that way, to consult with Juno and probably load his pipe again.

No noble lord, with his thousands of pounds wagered on the Derby or St. Leger, was ever half so excited as was this good old darkey in our boat-race.

Under the escort of Walter, Harry, Alfred, and Drake, the cannon arrived in the afternoon, and by their united efforts and the assistance of the Captain was mounted before sundown on a heavy piece of timber in the *Clear the Track's* bow.

By night the flag, ammunition, and many other necessaries of the morrow's celebration were in order and readiness for service.

After the day's work, and filled with anticipa-

tions of the eventful Fourth of July, we felt no desire for our usual out-door romps that evening, but found seats on the great boulder beside our house, where Mr. Clare and the Captain were enjoying their smoke. Old Clump, too, having finished his chores and swept out Juno's kitchen, loitered toward us with his comforter, — the pipe, — and edged up respectfully within hearing of our conversation. So we boys leaned on elbow, looking out at the dimly defined water sometimes lighted in streaks by gleams of phosphorescence where shoals of fish were jumping; or stretched on our backs we watched the shooting-stars hurrying with speed quick as thought from one part of the immeasurable blue to another; while our tutors talked earnestly of the Revolutionary times, and we heard the shrill calls of migrating snipe and plover, the occasional tender bleating of the lambs in the distant sheepfold, and the soft, regular splash of a summer sea on the rocks, until the delicate young crescent had dozed slowly down to its bed in the ocean, — and we, profiting by example, sought slumber in the old dreamful attic.

Harry Higginson was the first one up in the morning. He shook us to our senses, and whispered to get out of the house quietly, that we

might call our tutors with the cannon's voice. That was an acceptable proposition, and we were soon stealing down the creaking stairs, shoes in hand. Having put those on, seated by the door-stone, we started on a run for the *Clear the Track*. It was just light, the soft dawn of a warm summer's day, — not yet half-past four. Walter said he would bet old Sol had already fired a gun to our country's independence, but so far off we could not hear it, —

"For see that red light in the East, where the smoke has hardly yet cleared from the horizon."

"Good for the old Freedom-lover," replied Harry, "we will answer his salute in a minute."

We got on board the wreck as carefully as from the house, and I, being delegated to descend to the Captain's cabin and steal one of the flannel powder cartridges, was soon creeping by the snoring Captain with my booty secured. It took but a moment to ram home the charge and pack it over with pockets full of wadding; and then Harry, our gunner, touched it off. As the old brig shook with the report, Alfred jumped to the bell, and the way that clanged was splendid.

"Boys," said Drake, who was shaking with the fun, "can't you see old top-gallant sail down below

springing up in his berth with a lurch and cracking his head against the timbers, and our dignified fresh tute jerking those long, thin legs out of bed and wondering what's up in Yankee-land, and old Clump and Juno groaning out 'O de Lord!' and knocking their black pates together as they both try to get out of bed at the same instant. How jolly! O most illustrious and powdery Fourth, we salute thee!" making a low salaam, as he concluded, to the young day.

An immense red bandanna handkerchief at that moment popped above the companion-way, — then a hearty, weather-marked face we well knew, — then portion of an ample East-Indian night-shirt, which threw up a pair of arms and fired off a couple of boarding-pistols. The discharge was followed by a stentorian "Three cheers for Seventy-Six! — hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" in which we fellows joined with a yell.

"Ah! you young rascals have got before me this morning, but this afternoon it will be my turn, — mine and Mr. Clare's, you roystering middies!" and the Captain popped down again to finish his toilet.

Having got the ammunition safely housed on deck, we blazed away for an hour more, being soon

joined by the Captain, and a little while after by Mr. Clare, who was in the best of spirits, complimented us on our display of patriotism, and touched off the old gun once himself, — "for the State of Maine," he said.

"By the beard of Neptune, then!" shouted out the Captain as he jumped and put two cartridges in the gun's mouth and wadded it up to the muzzle, "here 's what the sailor says to the glorious independence he will ever help maintain!"

What a report!

"But," continued the jolly old Captain, having fired off that roaring salute and taken Mr. Clare's arm, "suppose the noble State of Maine and the salt sea visit Ethiopia and see if a hot breakfast is not waiting for them there. These boys would rather stay here and load this cannon."

"No sir, — no sir!" replied Harry, "we must load our own personal guns, for we mean to make our *report* this afternoon."

Laughing over that threat to our tutors, we went with them to breakfast, which we found ready as soon as our morning prayers were read. Clump brought in the dishes, — Clump in uniform, — and I never saw a funnier figure in my life. The coat was once my grandfather's — a colonel of our army

during the Revolution. Now my grandfather had been a rather short man, but very broad and stout, particularly around the stomach. Old Clump was tall and thin as a spectre, so the epaulettes fell over his shoulders, the waist flapped loosely eight inches above his pants, and the short swallow-tails did not sufficiently cover the venerable darkey's posterior to hide a patch the bigness of a frying-pan and of a different material from the breeches themselves, that Juno's affectionate care had strengthened her liege lord's garments with, — which garments, far more pastoral than military, and forced by suspenders as near the coat as Clump's anatomy otherwise would allow, failed by three inches of woollen stocking to meet his shoes. When you think how comical the excellent, old, white-woolled darkey appeared, remember, too, that he was perfectly unconscious, until our laughter startled him, that he was not becomingly attired.

As our irrepressible appreciation of the fun was shouted out, Clump did not realize at first that he was its cause, but when he did all the pride and alacrity died from his face in an instant. In a bewildered, palsied way he put down the dish he carried, and, heaving a sad sigh, drew himself up until the rheumatic spine must have twinged, and,

fixing his eyes on some point far above our heads, stood in motionless dignity.

Even Mr. Clare had laughed, but recovering equanimity immediately that he saw how deeply Clump was wounded, he said: "Boys, stop that laughing;" — he might have addressed his reproof to the Captain, too, for he was in paroxysms, and had his face buried in the countless flags of that great red silk bandanna of his — "is it so very funny to see Clump doing honor to the day we all celebrate by appearing in a Revolutionary uniform?"

"De young gemmen may laff, Massa Clare, at dis un'form, but de Britishers, dey din not laff wen dey saw'd it! Dis was de coat of Kunnel Grabes." Clump's face began to shine again, and his chest to heave, as he continued, "Dis ole man was 'is body-sarvant; but Clump was not ole den, an' he foller his massa tur de war — dat was before dose young gemmen was birthed, afore dey was tinked of, — and Massa Grabes, dare farder, was young gemman like dose, but more politer. In de battle ub ——— de Kunnel was shot tru dat arm" — and Clump held up his right arm and showed the bullet-hole in the coat and the stain the blood had made — "by a red-coat. I was close tur Massa,

an' saw'd de debbil shoot from behin' er wall; den dis ole nigger's dander riz, an' he run an' jumped de wall an' tuk de Britisher tru and tru wid 'is ba'rnet. Den he toted de debbil 'cross de field tur war he's Massa was, an' de docturs was sawen and sawen de bone. Den he touch 'is cap" — all this Clump acted in his proud remembrance of the deed we boys had often heard recited before — "an' say, 'Massa Kunnel, you is 'venged, 'ere 's Clump's pris'nur!' an' I dropped de ded Britisher at 'is feets. Poor Massa hab grate pain den, but he 'mild'd er leetle, and de docturs, dey laff rite out, an' Massa say, 'Brave Clump! brave Clump! dey shud make you er captin.' De doctors tell'd me to fotch sum water fur de Kunnel, an' wen I 'se brung it de dear Massa's eyes was shot, — he 'd faint, — but de doctors plashed de water in his face, and 'e oped his eyes and say, 'Tank you! — 'ere Clump, de Britishers 'ab spile dis coat; I 'll gub it tur you to r'member dis fite.' An' now dese gemmen laff at dare gran'pa's coat! — but black Clump, ole nigger, *lub* it! Yaas, he 'll lub it till he 's 'posited in de bowels ob de arth."

The remembrance of my grandfather and that proud day for Clump, the keenness with which he had felt our rudeness, and the excitement of recital

were, all together, too much for our good old castellan. The erectness of his figure gave way as he concluded, the enthusiasm in his features faded into dejection, and, as he turned from the table to leave the room, I saw a big drop, that had trickled down his wrinkled face, fall on his extended hand.

The cruelty of boys is an idiosyncrasy in their otherwise generous character. Of course there are mean boys, hard-hearted boys, cowardly boys; but Boyhood is more generous, open, tender-hearted, daring, than Manhood, yet its cruelty stands out a distinguishing trait. An old French teacher, loving children, wanting in dignity, broken in English, irritable in disposition; a sensitive young stranger, fresh from home, charming in innocence, sad with thoughts of a dear mother; a poor, frightened kitten, are all objects for boys' cruelty to gloat over. And so, too, on the oddities of that dear old Clump, that excellent, noble-hearted, old colored man, who loved us with surpassing pride and tenderness, we delighted to prey on as buzzards on a carcass, and yet, I am sure, we were neither vicious nor hard-hearted, but simply and entirely — Boys.

All this time, since our Saturday afternoon, when the fight overset our boat, Alfred Higginson and Drake had not spoken to one another. This Fourth

of July morning, even, Drake did not wake Alfred, but left others of us to do so. Thrown together so intimately every minute of the day, and so often on the point of speaking — often almost necessitated to do so by circumstances, and frequently through forgetfulness — their unfortunate difficulty and enmity stole the freshness from their sports, and acted as a check and damper on the spirits of all our little company. However, the *finale* was not far distant, but it was postponed until after the boat-race.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REGATTA. THE DUEL.

By agreement, we rested through the middle of the day, and, in place of our usual hearty dinner, took an early lunch. It was irksome, though, to be quiet when so excited, and when, too, a multitude of pastimes were suggested to our senses by the loveliness of that July day.

Mr. Clare and Captain Mugford had gone to fish. It was rather early for the season of striped bass to commence, and a day too fine for those fish which so love storm and commotion. Nevertheless, our tutors had gone to try for them in the Race off the extreme point.

When half-past one o'clock came, Harry, who seemed the most impatient, proposed that we should go down to Bath Bay then, and wait there until three, the hour of the race. That we agreed to, but left directions with Clump to hurry our tutors up as soon as they returned, and have them ready for the race.

We had time to launch our boat carefully, and take a nice swim, before we descried our tutors, followed by Clump with a long musket, descending the knoll toward us. So we hastened our dressing, and, when they reached the beach, were ready to receive them in our extemporized costume of blue shirts and white pants. Captain Mugford was already in a perspiration from his walk, and, what we boys also noticed with delight, seemed somewhat blown. However, he was jolly, and, flourishing the ever-active handkerchief, proposed to Mr. Clare that they should row around Leander's Rock, and *let the boys follow them!* "But at a respectful distance remember, boys!" We laughed scornfully at his chaff. Harry touched his cap like a middy, and promised for our boat that it should keep at a *very* "respectful distance."

It took but a short time to complete preparations. Our tutors threw off hats, coats, and vests, and tied handkerchiefs about their heads. Then they lifted thier boat into the water and stood smiling at the excitement we could not help betraying. Clump was on his way to Youngster's Wharf, where, at the proper moment, he was to give the signal for starting by firing the musket. A flag waved from Leander's Rock; another was flying over our heads.

The clear water of the bay soused in impatient little ripples against the dories we stood ready to enter, as if to say, "Well, why don't you come on," and then purling a few feet further skipped over the spar which was to be our goal. Clump had reached "Youngster's Wharf." Seeing that, we entered our boats, seated ourselves carefully, balancing the oars ready to spring, and waited the signal. I alone could see Clump, the oarsmen had their backs to him. The long gun was brought up to his shoulder, and his eyes fixed on us. I saw his finger twitch, and as the hammer fell, my body gave way to help the start. The oarsmen, with their eyes on mine, acted in sympathy, and every oar touched the water; but the old flint-lock had only snapped. How our adversaries laughed! The old man sprang about on the rock like a wounded baboon. He was indignant at the failure. Again we were in order. Again I saw the musket brought up. Bang! We were off, and were opposite Youngster's Wharf before the smoke had cleared from above Clump's head. The boats were side by side then. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which I swayed forward with every pull of the oars, and the frenzy that filled me, as in a moment more I saw our tutors' boat drawing slightly ahead, I had

to laugh at the antics of Clump, who was rushing from side to side of his floating staging, dancing up and down like a rheumatic lunatic, tossing his arms wildly about his uncovered head, his face a kaleidoscope of grimaces, while he shouted to each one of us by name, in encouragement, in entreaty, in fear: "Oh, Massa Drake! pull, pull!" "Massa Walter! Massa Walter! dus you let 'em beat!" "Day 'se gwine ahead! Oh de debbil! de debbil!"

His voice was lost in another moment. We were nearly half across the bay, and our tutors' boat a full length ahead. I saw that my crew were too excited to do their best, so I called to them: "Boys, steady now! Keep cool, cool. Only think of what your arms are doing."

"There, that 's better already! We 're gaining! Hurrah! Stick to it!"

"Come, boys," called Mr. Clare. "Come, we can't wait for you longer!"

I believe that lent five pounds of extra strength to every arm in my boat.

We were nearing Leander's Rock. Aye! and we were steadily gaining on our tutors.

They, too, saw that, but could do no better. Having a steersman, gave our boat an advantage in rounding the Rock closely.

PASSING YOUNGSTER'S WHARF ON THE HOME STRETCH. P. 73.

We gained distance. In five minutes we were thirty or forty feet ahead.

But then, terrible to see, our adversaries made a splurge, and were coming up again, hand-over-hand.

They gained, *gained*, gained, until their stern was opposite Harry's oar-blade. I was almost wild with excitement. I called upon the boys, with every entreaty I could think of, to pull harder; and I even *swore* once at Alfred, who was evidently the weakest oar, and whose strength seemed waning.

But our tutors could not pull harder. They had done their best. Could we but keep our speed!

So we went, without widening or lessening the distance between us, for a hundred yards. But was it possible for us to hold out? How I prayed we might! Nearing Clump again. The comic sight cheered me. Truly, if hoping and praying could help us, what aid must that old nigger give us. I almost expected to see him soar off to us, he looked so like a crow taking flight.

"Fellows! keep a morsel of extra strength to use when we pass Clump, then just let out to the last breath and smallest muscle for those forty yards. But don't let our tutes gain. Look! look!"

But they were coming up — only by inches to be sure, but coming.

We rushed past Youngster's Wharf. Clump reached away out as if to pull us on.

Hurrah! hurrah! Their bow is a foot beyond our stern.

"Hi! hi! hi! Yah! yah! Bress de Lord! My young"——.

Splash!!!

Clump had pitched in, sure enough, head first. But there was no stop to our engines. Our tutors were four feet behind; but they were working with a last hope and mad effort.

"One more, boys!"

Cr-u-a-nk! we touched the spar, slid over its roundness as it sunk beneath our flat bottom, and were up on the soft beach, —Victors!

We were crazy with joy, and completely used up. The boys jumped from the boat and threw themselves, laughing hysterically, on the sand.

Our tutors only said, in tones of mingled chagrin and exhaustion, "Boys, we are beaten, well and fairly;" and they pushed off again to pick up Clump.

I do not know any successes or honors of after-life sweeter or more satisfying than that Fourth of July boat victory.

Until bedtime, we remained just tired and happy

enough to sit quietly and talk over the events of the afternoon.

In resuming study for the few days before Saturday, we had in anticipation for that time a fishing-party on the rocks, for tautog, which were beginning to bite sharply, and for which our bait was lobster and the crabs that were found under the small rocks at low tide.

In talking over the project together, Drake said he guessed he would not go this time, but wait to see our luck. Alfred Higginson expressed neither assent or dissent with the general arrangement, and of course we supposed he was to be of our party, until Saturday came and we were ready to start, poles, bait, and basket in hand, when he was not to be found. We wondered at his disappearance, but had no time to hunt him up. Drake was there to see us off. The Captain and Mr. Clare, who were going with us, told Drake they thought that boat-race had proved too much for him. He laughed, but was not as ready at an answer as usual. Indeed, he appeared rather low-spirited. However, we started on our excursion without a suspicion of the affair which prevented both those boys from joining it. It afterwards appeared that Drake had addressed the following note to Alfred Higginson on the day before the boat-race : —

"Cape ——, *July* 3, 1815.

"Alfred Higginson:—

"Our quarrels have gone nearly far enough, disturbing the peace of our entire company, and increasing the irritation between us. Let us conclude the dissension in a thorough and honorable way that may satisfy both and prove a final contest. After that, I will agree to strive not to give offence to you, and also to bear silently whatever conceit and insults may escape you. Perhaps we may become friends. But we cannot remain as we are. The blow you struck the other day *must* be answered for. *I ask satisfaction*, and the incompleteness and vulgarity of a pugilistic encounter will not suit me. I propose, therefore, as we cannot resort to the regular duel of pistols (for reasons so good and evident that I need not name them), that after the example of the ancients, whose history we are now daily reading, we have our combat. Arms of their fashion our ingenuity can supply, not of the same materials I know, but of wood which should prove effective enough for our purposes. I propose Saturday as the time, when those who might otherwise disturb our meeting are absent; and I propose the hold of the wreck as a suitable spot. Your sense of honor will, of course, keep this affair secret, and I ask a speedy reply.

"Drake Quincy Graves."

Only a warm, fierce, reckless-natured boy of

fourteen could have hit upon such an absurdly quixotic way of deciding a quarrel. Indian combats in the Far West, the deeds of Sir Kenneth, Saladin, and Cœur de Lion in his favorite "Talisman," and the entire character of Drake's reading, had joined with and gathered romance from his late study of Virgil to misdirect an innate chivalry.

Alfred Higginson's reply was also characteristic: —

"DRAKE QUINCY GRAVES: —

"I have received your *cartel.* In my humble opinion nothing could be more stupid and silly than the resort you propose. I suppose you think your proposition very *grand* and *chivalric.* It endangers the continuance of our stay on the Cape; it rebels against the rule we are under here; and it would make our parents unhappy. Its spirit of selfishness and indifference to everything but your own impulse is the same which causes and continues our quarrelling. But I shall be a fool with you this time. I have not the courage to balk your desire. I agree to the contest, if you agree to keep the peace after that. I suppose javelins and shields of wood are to be our weapons. What nonsense! But I shall be on hand, Saturday, at the brig, when the others have gone fishing.

"ALFRED HIGGINSON."

About an hour after we had got settled on Bass Rocks, and just as we commenced catching fish,

and I had a mighty fellow slashing my line about and trying to snap the pole, we heard the voice of some one calling to us in distress, and, turning, saw Juno hurrying toward us as fast as her old limbs and breathless state would allow. She was chattering all the while, but it was impossible for us to understand the cause of her mission until she had come up to us and had a moment to rest in. Then, the tears springing from her eyes and terror in her voice, she exclaimed: "De yun' gem'men,— Massa Drake, Massa Alf'fed, dey is fiteten and tarr'en one udder to pieces. Dey is down dare in de ole ship an fire'en sticks an poke-en guns; an' oh Lord, I guess dey is all dead now!" Her excitement could no longer be contained, but broke forth in cries and ejaculations: "Oh! oh! oh! marssaful Hebbens! Oh de Lord, please top de yun' gem'men! Massa Clare, Massa Capting, ar'n't yous gwine? Ar'n't yous gwine afore dey is done dead? Dat dis ole woman mus' see such tings!"

We also gleaned from her, that, hearing a noise at the wreck, as she was gathering mushrooms near by, she had scrambled on board the vessel and there seen the two boys engaged in a severe fight; that she had hurried off for Clump, but could not find him; and that then she had run to where she knew

we were ; but we had to hasten her broken narrative to get at the whole matter, and then we all started for the wreck as fast as we could run, fearful that a tragedy was to meet our sight, — that we might be too late to prevent it.

What a sight met our eyes as we hurried down the stairs to the brig's school-room !

Chairs, desks, and tables had been pushed back against the sides to make room for the duel, and there, in the so-formed arena, the atmosphere of which was thick with disturbed dust, laid in common confusion a split shield, two swords, a padded glove, a splintered lance, and a torn cap. The weapons — the shield in particular — reflected skill upon Clump or whatever carpenter had fashioned them. In some charge of one of the combatants the round table, although intended to be in a place of safety, had been overturned, adding a globe, a streaming inkstand, and sundry books to the medley on the floor.

But our astonishment culminated when we saw Drake leaning back in Mr. Clare's big chair in the further end of the hold, his head bleeding, a sleeve torn off, and an expression of comically blended fatigue and dignified indifference in his face, while near the opposite side of the school-room, and on

one side of the stairway we had descended, was Alfred Higginson lying on the floor, his head supported on an arm, his countenance the picture of pain and mortification.

Evidently the battle was over. The parties spoke not a word; and the first exclamation that came from us was Harry's: "Ginger! A genuine duel, and no one killed."

Our good Captain, his face full of tenderness and anxiety, hurried to Alf and lifted him up, but as he was so much hurt as to be only able to hobble a few steps, Captain Mugford lifted him in his arms and carried him on deck.

"What is all this, my poor fellow?" asked the Captain, as he got him on a bench there.

"Rather a long story, Captain, but no one to blame but Drake and me. He ain't much hurt, is he?"

"That is what I want to ask you, Alf. Where is your pain?"

"There, sir, in my side. It is only stiff and bruised, but don't touch it hard, please. There! where your hand is. And I believe my hand is cut some."

As it proved on examination by the doctor from the village, whom I brought over an hour after-

wards, one of Alf's ribs was broken and the palm of his left hand badly gashed.

Whilst the Captain and Harry Higginson had attended to Alfred, Mr. Clare and Walter cared for Drake. He was very laconic in his replies to their questions, and made light of the injury; but he was faint from the wound in the head, and his sleeveless arm was so stiff as to be useless to him then.

Juno, who had found Clump, joined us before we reached the house with our wounded comrades; but at the sight of Drake's bleeding head and Alfred carried in the Captain's arms, Juno's ejaculations recommenced, and Clump followed, only wringing his hands in mute despair.

Of the particulars of the fight we never knew further than I have related. Both of the principals in the affair hated to have it alluded to, and we spared their feelings.

When we had got them comfortably settled in their rooms, Mr. Clare called the remainder of us aside and enjoined upon us that we should not question Drake and Alfred, nor mention the matter in their presence; and that in the mean time he would decide with Captain Mugford what steps to take when the boys had recovered.

In another week Drake was as well as ever, but hardly as noisy and reckless as of old. Alfred remained an invalid for some time longer.

When both were perfectly recovered, Mr. Clare called us all together in the brig's school-room one afternoon, and then addressed us, particularly the two combatants, in a manner that I can never forget, — it was so sensible, so manly, so solemn. He pointed out the faults of each, which had fed the long quarrel and finally serious conclusion. He painted the wickedness of that duel (for it could be called nothing else) and all such affairs, in some times and sections considered necessary and honorable. He told in what he thought true manliness, courage, and *chivalry* consisted. Then in a simple, touching way he suggested higher thoughts, — our duty to our Father in heaven as brothers of one common family; and spoke of charity as forbearance, and conquest as governing ourselves; and then begged us to join him in earnest entreaty for the strength to practise that charity and make those conquests to the Source whence such virtues came and to the Ear which was never deaf to supplication. How simple and noble was that whole address. And I cannot forbear testimony to the fruitfulness of a Christian practice such as that of our

once dear tutor, Mr. Clare. Even thoughtless boys could not sneer at the constant manly practice of his life. We had to see that it gave the loftiest aims even to the smallest acts of his every-day life, — that where he spoke one word he acted fifty in that service which ennobles the commonest deed. So that religion, which youth often regards as something whining and hypocritical, something only for the old and sick, we boys *began* to look up to as something which, if we could only *partly* understand, was, at the least, truly beautiful and noble.

The lesson and bearing of Mr. Clare on that occasion was enforced by the fact that as he concluded, Captain Mugford, rubbing the back of a rough hand on his cheek for some reason, got up and crossed the room to Mr. Clare, whose hand he took in both his, and said : —

" Mr. Clare, I am but a rough, wicked old sailor, but the words you have spoken to these boys have touched an older boy than they, and I thank you, — I thank you ! "

The parents of both Drake and Alfred were duly informed, by both Mr. Clare and the boys themselves, of the affair.

From that time Drake and Alfred were changed boys. The old dominant faults I have told of had

now to *fight* for sway and were generally mastered, whilst the conduct of one to the other grew generous and considerate, and the two boys became and ever afterward remained close friends.

CHAPTER IX.

BIG FISHING. A STRANGE DISSECTION.

THE dog-days and the sultriness of August extended some of their influence even in our fresh kingdom by the sea. The only exercise that tempted us was swimming, and that, by Captain Mugford's permission, we now enjoyed twice each day — before breakfast and after tea. What else is so delightful and health-giving! The header from the brown rock from whose sides wave the cool, green tresses of the sea, — off, with a whoop, and hands above your head, as the sun pats ticklingly your back! — off, with a spring, down head-first through the deliciously cool, clear, bracing water, that effervesces about you in bubbles of sport. Then, as the long, delicate tendrils beneath swing like sirens' arms to welcome you, to arch the back and, leaving the alluring depths, rise through the dark water with the ease of an eagle on his wings until your head pops into the upper world of noise and sunlight again. The long, sharp, regular

strokes now, every muscle stretching elastically and the whole frame electric with vigor and freshness — oh, how delicious!

Reeking with wet we climb the rock, picking a spot where barnacles are not, and sit in that glorious sunlight each atom of which seems to melt into the blood. Clasping our hands about our knees we can watch the glory of the sun climbing higher and higher above the ocean, and, if we choose, fancy ourselves big grapes ripening on "Lusitanian summers," until we are dry, — which is too soon, — and then with what overflowing spirits and ravenous appetites we go, like hurdle-racers, to the house!

"Come, Marm Juno, send in the cakes. We 're as hungry as bears!"

"He! he! he! Sakes alive! How you yun' gemmen do go on. 'Pears ter dis chile es ef you 'se nebber git nuffen ter eat at hum. 'Spects you 'll git fat down 'ere! He! he!"

But our studies were not slackened off because of the warm weather. With Mr. Clare we all took hold with a vim. There was not a laggard amongst us, I believe. There was a disposition to please him, who had so grown in our affection and respect as even to have outstripped our dear old

salt tute. He understood our youthful difficulties, sympathized with our interests, and, not limiting his duties to hearing us recite, taught us *how to study.*

As August waned the fishing improved, and with the little fiddler or soldier-crab we were catching tautog of seven and even nine pounds, instead of those of two and three pounds that had a month ago employed us. And then the striped bass, the *Labrax Lineatus*, the king of salt-water game fish, — what splendid sport they furnished!

These last we caught, some of us with the pole and reel, some with the hand-line. But it was active work to throw out about sixty yards of line baited with a fin and portion of the manhaden or mossbunker, and then troll it quickly back through the eddies off the rocks, where the bass fed and sported. The Captain was great at this; despising the pole and waving the bait around and around his head, he would throw it full a hundred yards to sea.

I tell you it was exciting to get on a ten or twenty pounder and have him make off with a lurch. Pay out then, quick, quick, just keeping a "feel" of the fellow's mouth, and as he slacks his speed, taughten your line, and pull in with all your strength. Slower

now, as he begins to haul back. Now look out: he is off again with a mightier spring and greater speed than before. Pay out, quick and steady. So, again and again, his strength getting less and less, until you can tow him up to the rock, and your companion put the gaff in his ruddy gills.

Many a noble fish escaped. Many a line and hook snapped in the warfare. Sometimes a much larger fish would take hold, and two of us would have to pull on the line stretched like wire. During the season, we took a twenty-seven pounder, one of thirty-three, and one of forty pounds, and Captain Mugford, alone on the rocks, one stormy morning, when we boys were in school, captured a royal fellow of fifty-six pounds, and brought it for our admiring gaze as we went to dinner. Mr. Clare promised to beat that, but he never did.

One Saturday afternoon, about the last of August, just after the August gale, which had been blowing for a couple of days, we all repaired to Bass Rocks, though the sky was drizzling yet, and the spray of the waves dashed at every blow clear over our stand.

It was apparently a splendid time for our friends, the labrax, but we did not get a bite. We persevered, however, fresh baiting the hooks and throw-

ing out again and again, with not a fin to flash after them through the curdled waters.

Harry Higginson, having been very unlucky before this, losing several strong lines, had provided himself this time with one which, he said, could hold a hundred pounder, — the line consisting of two thick flaxen lines plaited together. He had it rigged on his pole. Grown careless from the ill-luck we had met, he at length let his bait sink to the bottom, about thirty yards from the rocks, and got talking with the Captain, who had given up fishing, and, with his sou'wester pulled about his ears, was taking a comfortable pipe in a crevice of the biggest rock.

Suddenly I heard a reel go clork — cle-erk — cleerk! and saw Harry's pole fall from his hands to the rock. He seized it in a second, but as he stopped the revolving of the reel, the pole bent, and he pulled back on it — Snap! It was gone in the middle of the second joint. Of course the line remained, and that he commenced reeling in, bestowing the while some pretty hard expressions on his bad luck, for it really seemed as if the once-hooked fish had gone off in safety. About ten yards of the line came in slack, and then it stopped.

"Fast to a rock — by thunder! What luck," cried Harry, and then he commenced to jerk.

As he turned to look at us, with an expression of sarcastic indifference, I saw the line straightening out again in a steady, slow way, as if it was attached to an invisible canal-boat.

"Hold fast," I yelled; "look! you have got something. Hookey! what can it be?" saying which, Harry commenced to pull, but in vain, — the prey went ahead.

Captain Mugford had taken the pipe from his mouth as his attention was fastened by the strange manœuvres of Harry's game. Things having come to such a bewildering pass, he ejected a long-shotted spit, and, shaking the folds of the sou'wester from about his head, sprung forward and took hold of the line with Harry, but it still ran out through their hands.

"Seventeen seventy-six! what a whopper," exclaimed the Captain. "We must let go another anchor — eh Harry?"

"By gracious! yes," replied Harry. "Look! he is stopping, and seems to be shaking the hook as a cat would a mouse. What can it be?"

Now the unknown took a tack towards us, and the line was gathered in and kept tight, and, as he began to go about on another course, his enemies took advantage of his momentary sluggishness to

haul with considerable effect on the line. That brought the rascal right under the rocks. We could not see him, only the commotion of the water. Being brought up with such a short turn maddened the fellow, and perhaps he began to realize what was giving him such a jaw-ache. At any rate, just then, he showed his speed to the whole length of the line, rushing off like a locomotive and cutting his enemies' fingers to the bones. They held on, however, and were able to bring him to as his charge slackened.

Of course the others of us hauled in our lines and watched with eagerness the combat so exciting. We proffered advice of all kinds to the two fishers, which they did not heed, but devised schemes as the moment required, and certainly they managed with great skill. You would have thought the Captain was on deck in a hurricane, or repelling the boarders of a Malay pirate. The pipe was jammed up to its bowl in the side of his mouth, and all he said came in jerks through his teeth.

We were perfectly in the dark as to what the fish might be, — whether an immense cod or halibut, or a princely bass.

The fight went on for half an hour without any decided result. It was only "Pull Dick, pull Devil."

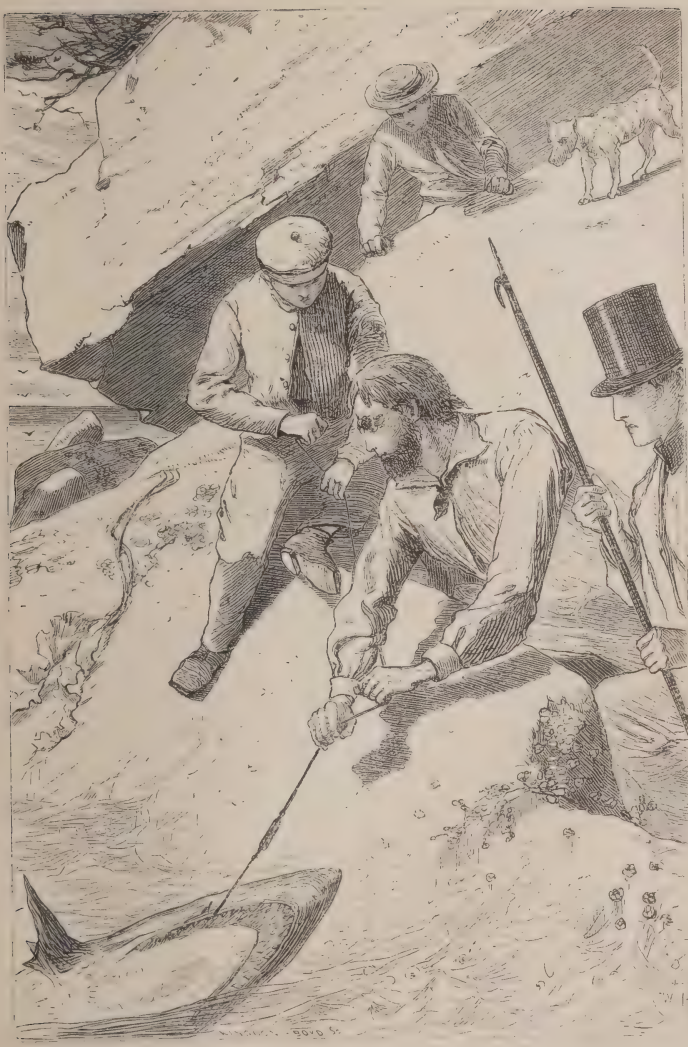
But after that the struggles of the fish occupied a smaller space, never taking more than half the line out now. He was nearer the surface too, and the quick slaps of a tremendous tail lashed the sea.

"Mr. Clare," called out Captain Mugford, "won't you twist two of the boys' lines together and bend them on that gaff. By the way, there is a hatchet with us, is there not? Good! Have that and the gaff ready. We are tiring the crittur, whatever it is, — a shark, I guess."

Whilst we were carrying out the Captain's orders, Harry cried, "See, see! there is the whole length of him. Yes, a shark. Ginger, what a fish!"

They were tiring him — worrying the strength and fierceness out of him. Every turn was bringing him nearer the rock. Every dash of his was weaker. But it must have been fully an hour from the first rush of his devilship before he was brought exhausted alongside of the rocks, and the Captain cried, "Put in the gaff, Mr. Clare— hard —deep!"

Well was it that a strong line had been made fast to the gaff, for as its big hook struck him behind the gills, he uttered a sound like the moan of a child, and flapped off, the gaff remaining in him, into deep water.



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With the two lines and his exhausted state, it was comparatively easy to bring him to the rocks again, and then with blows of the hatchet we had soon murdered him. Even then it was a job of some moment to get the body safely up the slimy and uneven rocks.

At length our prey was well secured, and we stood about him in triumph. It was a shark, measuring five feet and three inches in length, and he must certainly have weighed over a hundred pounds.

From the study Mr. Clare made of the subject, we found that the name by which the shark is technically known, is "Squalidæ," which includes a large family fitly designated, as your Latin dictionary will prove when you find the adjective "squalidus,"—"filthy, slovenly, loathsome." It is a family of many species, there being some thirty or forty cousins; and the different forms of the teeth, snout, mouth, lips, and tail fins, the existence or absence of eyelids, spiracles (those are the apertures by which the water taken in for respiration is thrown out again), the situation of the different fins, &c., distinguish the different divisions of the common family. The cousin who, loafing about that stormy Saturday, had frightened away the bass, and finally

astonished himself by swallowing a fish-hook when he only thought to suck a dainty bit of his family's favorite delicacy, was known as the *Zygæna*, — so Mr. Clare introduced him to us when his sharkship had grown so exceedingly diffident as not to be able to say one word for himself, — a genus distinguished by having the sides of the head greatly prolonged in a horizontal direction, from which circumstance they are commonly known as the hammer-headed sharks.

His teeth were in three rows, the points of the teeth being directed towards the corners of the mouth. The two back rows were bent down, and only intended, Mr. Clare told us, to replace the foremost when injured. Those horrible teeth were notched like a saw.

I think the face, if so you might call it, of that piratical fish, wore the most fearfully cruel and rapacious expression I had ever seen. That Zygæna family of the Squalidæ (I think they sound more horribly devilish when called by their classical titles) is one dangerous to man, and it is very rare that a man-eating or man-biting shark is ever found on the New-England coast.

I proposed to cut him open, and so we did. Among the half-digested food, most of which was

fish, I found something that at first looked like a leather strap. I seized it and pulled it out. Surely there was a buckle. I washed and laid it out on the rock, while we all gathered about in great excitement to make out what our dead enemy had been preying on. There was no longer a doubt that it was a dog-collar, — the collar of a medium sized dog, perhaps a spaniel or terrier. There was a plate on it, which, with a little rubbing, we made to read, "David Atherton — Newcastle." How very strange! Had the little fellow been washed overboard from some vessel? or had he swum off some neighboring beach to bring a stick for his master?

We could never discover any antecedents of any kind whatever to that mysterious sequel to "The Romance of the Poor Young Dog." Was there a fond master mourning him in Newcastle, England, or in Newcastle, Pennsylvania? Alas, poor dog! thou wert hastily snatched from this world, — the ocean thy grave and a shark's belly thy coffin. Thy collar hangs, as I write this, over my study-table, and many a time has my old Ponto sniffed at that relic of a fellow dog and his eyes grown moist as I repeated to him my surmises of the sad fate of David Atherton's companion.

CHAPTER X.

UGLY. PLOVER, SNIPE, AND RABBIT SHOOTING. A CRUISE PROPOSED.

Recounting that last event reminds me of a well-beloved character in our Cape days, — one too that was destined to play an important part in our little drama.

Ugly was his name. Trusty Greatheart it should have been. A dog that Mr. Higginson sent down from Boston to his sons. He said, in the letter which accompanied the present, that he had rescued the dog from some boys who were about to execute the little fellow on a miniature guillotine; that a silver half-dollar had appeased the cruelty of the young Saturday executioners, and made his sons the owners of an animal which, if he were as intelligent in mind as he was uncouth in body, would prove a valuable possession.

Ugly was a clipped-eared, setter-tailed, short-legged, long-haired, black-nosed, bright-eyed, little mongrel. In limiting his ancestry to no particular

aristocratic family, he could prove some of the blood of many. There were evident traces of the water-spaniel, the Skye-terrier, and that most beautiful of all the hound family, — the beagle.

I do not know what education Ugly may have had in his earlier day, but I believe it to have been limited, though his acquirements were great. I believe him to have been a canine genius. He was as ready on the water as on the land. His feats of diving and swimming were remarkable; and a better rabbit dog and more sagacious, courageous watch-dog never lived. As to the languages, I will acknowledge he could speak none; but he understood English perfectly, and never failed to construe rightly any of Mr. Clare's Latin addresses, — much better than even Walter could do. Indeed, Mr. Clare's commands to and conversations with Ugly were always in Latin.

Of his rare sagacity and unbounded affection there are proofs to be furnished further on in this narrative.

Harry Higginson and Walter had guns, and they alone of our number were allowed to use them. That exclusion never caused me any regrets, nor do I think it troubled Alfred Higginson, but it was a constant pain to Drake. He loved a gun, and

his most golden dream of manhood's happiness was the possession of a good fowling-piece. The prohibition of our parents, however, was so stringent in this particular that poor Drake never sighted along the bright barrels nor even touched the well-oiled stocks but once while we were at the Cape.

There they stood, always ready, in a corner of our attic, — where Drake, Alf, and I could not touch them, — but ready at any time for the pleasure of Walter and Harry.

Walter was an accomplished shot, and Harry was not a bad one. Harry had not had the training of Walter, whom my father had taught, — not commencing with stationary objects, but with targets thrown in the air and small, slow-winged birds as they flitted near the ground. My father had at first made him practise for a long time without caps, powder, or shot, merely in quickly bringing the stock close to the shoulder and getting the eye directly behind the breech. When proficiency in that had become a mechanical habit, the gun was loaded, and then commenced the practice of shooting at moving objects. As the art of bringing the gun properly to the cheek had been so thoroughly mastered as to require no effort nor attention, Walter could, when an object was thrown up, direct all

his care to bringing the muzzle of the piece — the sight — directly on that object. My father's reason for teaching him first to shoot at flying marks was to prevent the habit of dwelling long on an aim, — that habit of following or *poking* at the bird which ruins good shooting and prevents the possibility of becoming a snap shot. And so, afterwards, Drake and I were taught; and boys who are learning to shoot will find that by remembering and practising the method I have described, instead of commencing by taking long, deliberate aims at stationary objects, they will get ahead surprisingly fast, far outstripping those who learn by the latter way.

All July and August, Walter and Harry were shooting upland plover, that most delicious and delicate of all wild birds, and our table was kept well supplied.

After the August gale came the black and golden plover in large flocks, often led by curlew. Then the boys built a cover of brush and rails about a large pudding-stone boulder, and put out decoys, that Clump was carpenter enough to manufacture in the evenings. When the flocks came circling over the point the boys would, by imitating the plover's peculiar, plaintive, frightened whistle, draw their attention to the decoys, and as the birds flew

down to the supposed friends feasting on grasshoppers, a volley would be poured from the guns of the concealed sportsmen, bringing many a fat bird from the flying ranks. Then, at the word from Walter or Harry, Ugly crawled under the brush wall and secured the dead and wounded birds, bringing each one in with such a soft-mouthed grip that not a feather was injured. We who were not shooters were allowed in the mask-house if we kept quiet, and, having nothing to do but *watch* the sport, we grew more excited than those who bagged the game. We scanned the different points of the horizon for new flocks, and picked the killed. Yellow-legs and many other species of snipe accompanied, often as stragglers, the flocks of plover, so that our collection from an afternoon's shooting was sometimes very varied.

In our rambles about the Cape, Ugly soon displayed his talent for rabbit-hunting. He would smell where Bunny had been wandering and follow the track until he started Miss Longears from her covert, and then the fun began, — the rabbit leaping off in frightened haste, running for life, winding and dodging about over the swells of the sparse grass hillocks, close to the low clumps of cedar, and under the barberry bushes and wild vines, —

while Ugly, mad with excitement, spread his long, low body down to the chase. How the little fellow would put in, his nose close to the ground, staunch on the trail as the best blooded hound, and making the air ring with his sharp but musical bark. I tell you that was fun! Ugly always stuck to his game until he had run it to its burrow. He had not the speed to overtake it.

The season for rabbit shooting does not commence until about the first of October; so Walter, who was a true sportsman, never to be tempted by the best chance at game even a day out of season, would not permit either Harry or himself to shoot at the objects of Ugly's furious energy until it was legitimate. That conduct of Walter and Harry was beyond Ugly's comprehension. I have often seen him try to understand it. The chase having ended as usual in a safe burrow, I have noticed Ugly — who, after a very short experience, had learned not to waste his time in vain digging — turn toward us with a waddling, disconsolate trot, and, having approached a few rods, stop and sit down to revolve the puzzle over in his mind. He would look where the rabbit had housed himself; then drop his head, cock up an ear, and cast an inquiring glance toward us, as much as to say: "Why, *do* tell Ugly why

you did not shoot that old lap-ears? Ah!" That operation he would repeat several times before rejoining us, and when he had come up he would cock his head first one side and then the other, and look into our faces with most beseeching questioning in those great, keen, brown eyes of his. Then he would hang behind on our way home, evidently greatly distressed at his ignorance.

Never mind, good Ugly! I believe you were fully rewarded for weeks of bewilderment when the time did come for knocking over bunnies.

One afternoon, in returning from one of those rambles, we met our salt tute hurrying toward us in a great state of haste and perspiration. When near enough for his hoarse bass voice to reach us, he hailed: —

"Well, there you are, boys, at last! I have been hunting you all over the Cape for the last hour. Ah! Ugly, boy, are you glad to see the old Captain trudging over the rabbit ground? Eh? shaggy boy! And you have been running the bunnies till you are blown, and your masters would not shoot — eh? Well, no matter, the Captain shall bring his marline-spike along some day and help you bag them. But, my affectionate pup, do you take a turn in that tail, or you 'll wag it off some windy day."

So Ugly sat down, — a long, red, wet tongue hanging from the side of his mouth, — and whipped the grass between the Captain's boots with that restless tail until we came up.

"Why, Captain Mugford," said Walter, "I did not know you ever wanted *us*."

"No? Well, I do though, just now. You see, boys, as to-morrow will be Saturday, with every prospect of fair weather and a good breeze, I thought we might go on a cruise — start early, get our meals on board, run off to the halibut grounds, and make a voyage of general exploration. And to do this we must get our traps aboard this evening, and see that everything is in order on the *Youth*."

"Good! Captain, nothing could suit us better. I 'll run to the house with the guns," said Harry, "and we can all go right off to the *Youth*."

"Mr. Clare," continued Captain Mugford, "can't go with us, he says, but must walk over to Q—town and spend the day. That 's right bad, for I calculated on having a tiptop time, all together on a voyage like."

"Well, we boys," said Walter, "will beg him this evening. Perhaps he may change his mind."

When Harry returned we went down to our

sloop, all in great spirits because of the fun proposed for the next day.

Getting on board, we brushed and swabbed her out well, stowed the ropes and sails neatly, and unshipped the pennant to take home with us for Juno to mend where it had frayed out on the point. That work being completed, we went to the house for such provisions as we should want on our excursion. Juno put up a large supply for one day, — ground coffee, eggs, biscuit, cold mutton, a cold turkey, and several squash and apple pies, besides butter, salt, &c., — and Clump "toted" it down to the *Youth* for us on a wheelbarrow.

The provisions were carefully stowed in the forward cuddy, and, everything being arranged, we detailed Ugly as a sort of honorary guard over our sloop during the night.

Harry briefly explained it to him. "Look here, Ugly, you are to stay here to-night and look after things. Of course you are not to come ashore or leave duty for a minute. We shall be down early in the morning. Be ready to receive us with proper ceremonies, for we are off on a cruise, old boatswain, to-morrow. Look, Ugly; I put your supper in this stern locker. Do you see?"

Ugly was at first rather disappointed at the pros-

pect of being separated from us for the night, but as Harry's harangue proceeded and he began to comprehend the honor of the duty required aboard-ship, he bristled up and grew as stiff and important as his inches would allow. He turned his nose to watch where the supper was placed, and then walked forward and took a seat on the bow, assuming a comical air of "captaincy"; so pantomimic was it that Captain Mugford laughed aloud, and said: "Well done, Ugly; where, my fine fellow, did you learn quarter-deck airs?"

"Good-night, Captain Ugly," we cried, as we pushed for shore in the dory. "Good-night, boy; can't you say something, Captain Gruff?"

At which address, Ugly rose up and, putting his forefeet on the larboard gunwale, barked three loud, clear notes, and we gave three laughing cheers as he returned to his post by the bowsprit.

Before going to bed that night, I went out in the kitchen to put a pair of my shoes to dry, and found Clump and Juno, as usual in the evenings, smoking and dozing over the fire.

Wondering at the amount of comfort these old folk seemed to find in tobacco, I asked Clump why he smoked so much.

"Fur constellation, Massa Bob — fur constellation — dat 's ol," he answered.

"Oh that is it, Clump — consolation, eh? Well, I must get a pipe some time and try it," I said.

"No, Massa Bob," joined in Juno, who was knocking out the ashes from her pipe on the head of the fire-dog, — "no, Massa Bob, Lor's honey!; you 'se munno 'moke. 'Spects, ef you 'se do, you fine de way tur constollaton, dat ole Clump talk of, cum tru much tribble-lasion — he! he! he!"

I had to laugh at the old woman's wit. As for Clump, he rubbed his shins and "yaw-ha'd" over his wife's speech for five minutes.

As I was going off to bed, Juno called me back in a hesitating way, and said, in a low, frightened voice: "Massa Bob, sumhow dis ole woman ees 'feared 'bout ter'morrer. You'se gwine sure?"

"Of course, Juno," I replied; "and what are you afraid of? I would not stay at home for fifty dollars."

"Dis chile 's sorry — sorry," she continued; "but de Lor' ees my strong an' my sheel." She was speaking very slowly, and had bent over the fire to rake the ashes together. She went on, muttering some more of the Bible texts she always called on in any perplexity, until a new idea flashed to her from

some uncovered ember, and she turned quickly, laughing in a slow, shrill way, "He! he! he! why'se ole Juno afeer'd? He! he! he! 'spects it on'y debbil dat has tole lies to dis poor ole nigger when she 's 'sleep."

CHAPTER XI.

A MEMORABLE CRUISE COMMENCES.

We had nearly reached our dory before the sun lifted its yellowish, red sphere, with just such an expression as a jolly, fat, old port-wine bibber might present on raising his head from the folds of a comfortable night's pillow.

It looked about in a dim bewildered way at first, as if trying to wake up and make out what was the matter — that dark, vast, heaving, rolling sea, the rocks and capes touched with light, and a great land behind them yet dark and undefined; all so quiet too; and the soft, pink mist that rolled away in smoke-like clouds — rolled away over the billowy surface of the ocean toward the land, and, frightened, perhaps, by that red apparition on the eastern horizon, faded from sight or rose for shelter to the sky above.

It was bravely up now; had mastered the situation, dispelled the night. The great, honest face took a king's expression, — and breathing bounty,

warmth, and courage, — blessed the scene it looked upon.

Then how the birds sang out, how sea and land grew beautiful and full of voice, how the clouds dressed their ranks and marched on their way! And the irrepressible exclamation came from all our boy-lips at once, "How glorious!"

Ugly saluted us in a most vociferous manner, continuing his welcome from the time we left the shore to the moment we reached the sloop. "Behold," said Harry, "our rear-admiral waving his ta — I beg his honor's pardon — flag."

Yes — old Ugly kept his tail going in utmost delight, whilst he ran from one end to the other of the gunwale, assuring us that all was safe.

Sure enough, everything was in good order, but the supper had not been eaten. It had been pulled out of the aft cabin and inspected — that was all. Now Ugly's supper consisted of two things he could never be induced to eat, — ham and cold potatoes; and Harry, from mischief, — he knew, however, that the dog had had a hearty dinner, — prepared those things purposely, supposing that Ugly's daintiness would fail in a twelve hours' fast. But no; there the edibles were untouched.

"Come here, sir," said Harry to Ugly; "now why have you not eaten this nice meal, eh?"

Ugly's answer was merely to turn his head one side, and look out at the sea, as if very much interested in something he saw — so much so as not to be able to attend to what Harry asked him.

"You dainty rascal, come along and eat this meal, it is good enough for any dog," and Harry put the despised victuals on another part of the deck, and quite unintentionally, within a foot of the larboard scuppers, — "Here Ugly, eat it sir — every bit of it."

Ugly's sensitive little spirit could not brook such a public mortification; but he was obedient in part. He approached the pieces slowly, — in a dignified, contemptuous way, — as he would have gone up to a cat, and, putting his nose to them, gave a push; away they flew into the sea.

Shouts of laughter greeted the act, — Harry's the loudest, — and he completed his attempt at discipline by calling to Ugly, — "Come here, thou pluckiest and smartest of dogs. If you won't eat sailors' rations, come feast at the officers' mess on the luxuries of the fleet. How will that do? eh, old fellow," cutting him off, as he spoke, a fat slice of mutton. "Another? well there! Bread and but-

ter? Well, there is as much as you can eat;" and Ugly stowed it all away, triumph beaming in his eyes and wagging from his tail.

"Come boys, now," said the Captain, "let 's get under way. Clear the sails, Alfred and Bob. Drake, you bend on that pennant. Walter, take the helm. I want you to act as sailing-master this morning. Drake and I will get up the anchor. Is that pennant all right there?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Drake.

"Then up with it. There — good!"

"Are your sails clear, boys?"

"Aye, aye, sir," came from Alf and Bob.

"Hoist the jib, my hearties," cried the Captain, as the anchor came up. "Keep her head for the town steeple, Walter. There — steady, steady."

The Captain and Drake now lifted the anchor over the gunwale, and the next order given was: —

"Now Alf, haul away on your mainsail. Get it up snug. All right? Well, make tight."

The Captain lifted his hat and wiped with the bandanna his red forehead. Then he shook out a reef in his suspenders, and threw back his coat. "By jolly! my hearties, we are snug now, ship and cargo; and what an air to breathe. I only wish this was a good twelve hundred tonner, Captain

Mugford the skipper, and we were all bound for Calcutta together this splendid morning."

"Don't I — don't I," came from each of us in response.

"Now, my mates," called the Captain again, "we 'll go about presently, when we get abreast of that greasy fishing-smack there on our leeward, and then, Walter, you can head her right out of harbor. Let her go nor'east by east, and we 'll about fetch in ten miles as nice a bank for cod and halibut as there is in these waters. It is a small spot to get on nicely, and many a fisherman don't know of it, or can't drop often in just the right place; but it 's no riddle to me, and if this breeze freshens a bit, as I think it will with the young flood, you can get out your lines in about one hour. So now let 's have breakfast, — the little rear-admiral, you know, had his long ago."

Yes — and the consequential Ugly was occupying a comfortable seat right under the jib, and only turned his head the least bit when he heard the Captain's mention of him.

"A little more in the wind now, Walter, ready to go about. Taughten the jib-sheet, Bob, run her tight in the wind, and now down with your helm, Walter ——."

The mainsail flapped twice. By that time the jib had filled on the other tack. The sloop swung about like a dancer on her heel, and we were jumping off on a new tack, headed out of the harbor and for the dancing waves ahead.

Then, — the breakfast having been gotten out of the cuddy, in the mean while, and arranged for our onset by Drake, — we seized cups, knives, and forks, and were soon very busy.

What a glorious thing to remember and marvel at, and wish back again, is a boy's appetite. And if any good old fellow is reading this who is not ashamed to recall those best of days, — boyhood days, — who is not ashamed to recall them, aye, with pride and smiles, let him think now of the suppers after Saturday tramps, of the dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and of such times like this morning, when, after two hours in the early morning air, leaping along on our sloop, the sea-breeze swelling out our lungs as it did the sails, with merry hearts and perfect digestions, we found real fun — true animal happiness — in good bread and butter, a leg of cold mutton and a cup of coffee. And to see the best of good skippers, — as our dear old salt tute was, — let himself down in a right angle, after that, on the deck, his back against the

windward side of the mast, and, heaving a sigh of vast internal satisfaction, draw out his pipe slowly as if it was a ceremony too precious to be hurried, and, having put it just right in his lips and lighted it, puff the first, long, sweet wreaths of smoke; ah! that was a picture of creature happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD SPORT. AN EXCITING SAIL. CAST AWAY.

THE absence of Mr. Clare was the only drawback to our pleasure that morning. He had told us the evening before that he should probably return from his visit the same day, getting home about the time we expected to — about sundown, which at that date in September was at twenty minutes after six. He said, however, that possibly he might remain in Q—town until after Sunday morning service.

When Captain Mugford had completed his smoke, by which time we had a fine steady breeze from the southeast, he rose from his luxurious position and took Walter's place at the helm, saying: —

"Not a permanent removal, Walter, but only until I can put the sloop just where I want her for fish. Fifteen minutes more will do that; so you had better go for'ard to Drake and get the anchor all ready to let go. You other boys can stand by the sails.

The Captain noted carefully the changing color of the water as we drew over some bank, and he took bearings, too, from points on the land we had left nearly ten miles astern. In a few minutes he luffed a bit and sang out: —

"Down with your jib! Get it in neatly."

The bowsprit pointed straight to the wind's eye, and the boom hung for'ard and aft, the sail slack, as the sloop lost her headway.

"Is that anchor ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Walter and Drake.

"Let go! About five fathoms, is it?" called the Captain.

"About that!" the boys answered.

"That 's just what we want. Make fast! Now furl those sails neatly, so they won't be in the way of your lines and fish. There, that will do. Now all to the lines! Who 'll have the first fish?"

In a minute Drake hauled that up — a cod — and the fun commenced. Cod and halibut as fast as we could bait and pull! There was soon a lively flopping in our craft, and now and then a dog-fish would take hold, much to our annoyance, for generally he broke the hook or line, or else, if we got him in, made such a furious lashing about our legs that we had to finish him with a hatchet.

We laid at anchor there until we had had fishing enough. About two o'clock we stopped, having caught, as near as the Captain could estimate, eleven or twelve hundred pounds of halibut and cod, four dog-fish, and eleven sea-bass, — not the striped bass, such as we took off the rocks, with a troll line in rough water; that was the *Labrax Lineatus;* but the sea-bass, — the *Centropristes Nigricans* — superior in title, but inferior in every other way to the gamy striped bass.

It was a job to pitch the fish together and out of the way, and then clean the blood, slime, and wet from our deck and get ready for making sail; but after some work it was done, and our lines stowed away.

"Now boys," said the Captain, "we will have dinner, and get under way again. As the wind has hauled around to the east, we will take our course for the north. I want to show you that shore, it is so bold and wild. With such a stiff wind I reckon we can run up ten miles nearly, and then turn about and get home *easily* before dark. I say, boys, won't Mr. Clare wish he had had a hand in catching that haul?"

Having finished the cold dinner with such an appetite as pleasure, exercise, and sea-air give, we

got up sail and stood to the north'ard. The breeze was so fresh before long that the Captain made us take a reef in our mainsail. Walter held the helm, and in little more than an hour we were sailing near the grand, rugged shore that Captain Mugford had wished us to see. Here and there, in little coves defended by rocky sides, were fishing-houses, then great headlands of cavernous stone dashed by the waves. Again the shore fell to a lower level, and cedars and pines clustered together to defy the storms and give pleasure to the eye. Further on, the roughness of the coast vanished for a few hundred yards to make place for a white pebbly beach where was stretched a long seine. Opposite that piece of strand and close by our sloop's course, stood a small, stony island, bearing a single invalid old pine, from whose topmost branch a great bald-eagle rose and hovered over our sloop. Then the shore grew again like an impregnable fortification, and made out to a sharp cape on the point of which stood a lonely, snow-white light-house.

"There, boys, we must go about now," said the Captain, "as we near that cape. If we should round that we could enter the harbor of ——, one of the best of our Yankee fishing-ports, — but see how the wind has fallen. If it goes on this way,

we shan't have enough to take us home before night. Let's see what o'clock it is. That light-house is seventeen miles from the point of our own Cape.

The Captain fumbled away at his waistband, — encircling a rotundity like that described of Saint Nicholas, — and pulled out his immense gold turnip.

"Columbus' compass! Twenty minutes to five! Come, Walter, haul in your sheet, and come up to the wind. Aye, now we point a course for Liverpool. Are you ready to go about? Well, let her rip! — I'll haul on the jib. Those boys are so busy at mumble-peg, cutting up the gunwale with their pesky toad-stickers, that we must n't call on them."

"No, sir," I said, "we are ready for anything."

"Oh no, Bob," replied the Captain, "mind your game. There is nothing to do just now. We are around *all right*. Walter, you know the course, — sou'west-by-south. Follow the shore. But I don't like this slackening of the breeze, and it is drawing more to the north, — we'll have it dead aft soon. The sun looks ugly, too. That murky red face foretells a row of some kind."

"I guess we 'll get the *Youth* safe at her moor-

ing before night comes, or a storm either, — won't we?" asked Harry.

"We'll hope so," answered Captain Mugford, who pulled out his pipe and filled it hard, continuing, — as he held a match to the bowl in the crown of his hat, in the disjointed way the lighting of a pipe under such circumstances necessitates, — "Drake, — just (puff, puff) — just shake — oh! durn it, there goes that light!" — and drawing another on his coat-sleeve, — "just shake out — that — that (puff, puff) —" He had it all right now, the smoke coming in vast volumes; so he replaced his hat and removed the pipe from his teeth for a moment to complete the order: —

"Drake, just shake that reef out of the mainsail!"

"All right, sir!" said Drake. I helped him; but in half an hour the wind, as the Captain had foretold, was astern, and not strong enough to fill the sail.

Fifteen or sixteen miles we were from home, with every indication that a heavy squall was to follow the calm settling down upon us. The dancing white caps of the morning had died away in a quiet, sullen sea, which only a land-swell moved. The sun had gone down to within a half-hour's dis-

tance of the picturesque horizon, whose variety, boldness, and ruggedness were magnified in outline and intensified in coloring by the heavy, yellowish-red glare behind it, and the sun's rays shot out in long forks, piercing the dark blue of the sea at all points in the eastern semicircle of our view. The atmosphere had grown warm, — very warm for a September afternoon.

We boys felt something portentous in the scene. The Captain grew uncomfortable, too, no longer laughing heartily or joining in our talk. He kept his eyes on the sky, and smoked pipe after pipe.

Even Ugly ceased napping beside Walter, and uttering a whining yawn, as if sleepy but uneasy, walked forward to the idle jib, and stood there with extended nose to smell out, if he could, what was wrong.

So we lay for nearly an hour, our only movement being with the out-going tide, the sails flapping with the slow swell of the sea. But when the sun had disappeared the wind commenced to come, first in little puffs, now from one quarter and then from another. The gale would be on us in a moment.

The Captain took the helm then, and ordered us to stand by and be ready to mind the sails.

"Look out, too, for the swinging of that boom,"

he said, "and make Ugly get out of the way and lie down somewhere."

Ugly, hearing that speech, did not wait for further commands, but stowed himself away at the foot of the mast.

Now the wind came in heavier puffs, and then in squalls from the east.

"I hope it will settle there," spoke out the Captain. "It is coming heavier, but I hope steady."

He kept his eyes on all parts of the now lowering sky, and presently added: —

"Get a reef in the mainsail and jib!"

That was done, and we flew away before the increasing gale. Fortunately, the night was not very dark, there being a quarter moon to throw its light through the rifts of clouds.

How fast the sea got up! The wind grew heavier every moment. The mast of our little sloop creaked with each plunge, and the plunges were hard and quick. The scene was truly alarming, and we felt the danger of our situation. To be sure, we were comparatively safe if the gale should grow no worse; but it was increasing every moment in a manner that threatened in another hour to swamp us. There was danger, too, that our mast might snap, or the jib blow away, or that in

the frothy sea and uncertain light we might strike some of the sunken rocks that now and then stood off from shore like sentries. But the *Youth* leaped furiously onward from one mad wave to another, our good Captain steadying her to her course with a strong hand.

The black, broken clouds rolled close to the sea, which seemed striving madly to swallow them; but on they flew with the screams of the wind. The thin moonlight, streaming unsteadily through the troops of clouds to the riven waves, had a ghastly effect, — sometimes obscuring, sometimes exaggerating the terrors surrounding us. The shore, a mile to the leeward, was to our sight only a bristling, indefinite terror; for there, where loomed the land we longed for, was the greatest peril, — the line of fierce breakers, that shouted their threats in terrible chorus.

I suppose we boys were all much terrified. I *quailed* with dread, for it was my first experience of a storm on the water, and its time and dress were so imposing.

One would never have suspected from Captain Mugford's manner that we were in any danger. His face was as calm and his hand as steady as if we were having the pleasantest sail imaginable;

only the violence with which he smoked, ramming fingers-full of tobacco into his pipe every few minutes, betokened any unusual excitement, but we knew how absorbed he was in his charge by his silence.

We were speechless, too, hanging on to the gunwales to keep our places in the desperate leaps and lurches the gallant little sloop made. Ugly was soon thrown from his station, and, finding he could not keep legs or position anywhere unaided, went and ensconced himself between our skipper's legs.

Harder, heavier blew the wind, and wilder grew the sea, so that it seemed sometimes as if we must go over, and the bowsprit now buried itself in every billow. Then the Captain called to us in a calm, steady voice: —

"Boys, you must get another reef in those sails. No; furl the jib entirely and take a second reef in the mainsail. Now be careful and steady about it. There is no hurry. Bob, you come here; the others can manage that work. You sit aft, out of the way."

I did as directed; and the orders were carried out without accident in about five minutes.

Boatswain's Half-Acre Reef, a low rock that stood out at sea, about three and a half miles north-

east-by-east from our Cape, now came in sight ahead of us to the windward. In the spectral light, and beaten on by the waves, it looked like some sea-monster moving in the water. As we were going we would probably pass close to its leeward side in about ten minutes, but the wind blew a tempest, and the sea increased so in a few minutes that our peril was terrible. For two hours we had battled — evidently though, the storm was soon to be the conqueror.

Several waves came aboard in fierce disorder; and the dory, which had been in tow all day, broke loose and was tossed away. Another billow, stronger than its fellows, suddenly struck us a tremendous blow. The sloop was thrown by it, as if she were a cork, and tipped so that the water boiled over the lee gunwale. The assaulting wave, too, broke up and over the windward side, and drenched us all in its cataract. To increase our terror, a yell came from Alfred, who had been tossed from his hold and nearly cast overboard, but he caught himself on the boom, as our yet unconquered boat rose from the blow like some brave but wounded animal. The water was several inches deep about our feet, and the good *Youth* had lost half its buoyancy.

Then came the Captain's voice again, steady and strong, but full of feeling: —

"Be brave, my dear boys. Try to hold fast and be cool. God saves us yet. Trust Him to bring us through."

There was a slight momentary lull in the gale, and, just coming in the partial lee of Boatswain's Half Acre, the waves were less. The Captain continued: —

"I shall do now what I never did before — run a craft ashore. There is just ahead," — he had brought our sloop closer to the wind, and was pointing for the rocky little island, — "There is just ahead a few yards of cobble beach on the Boatswain. If I can bring her square to that, we can run right through the surf, God helping. We only draw two feet of water for'ard. Then be ready and cool; and when she strikes, jump for the shore."

"Aye, aye," sung out Harry as bravely as he had any time that day.

It was nearly dark now, the moon having gone down close to the sea behind us, as the sloop came up to the teeth of the gale.

A minute — two minutes perhaps — that seemed hours, and we struck with a jar that pitched me down.

"Now steady — jump, boys!"

CAST AWAY ON BOATSWAIN'S REEF P. 126

I was up. The surf broke with a howl over the stern. We crowded forward and jumped into the last break of the billows and scrambled up the rough beach; but Ugly was before us.

As the Captain saw we were in safety, he leaped from the bow and joined us.

In a voice, trembling now, he said, looking upward and removing his hat: —

"Thank God! Thank God!"

CHAPTER XIII.

NIGHT ON THE REEF. OUR SALT TUTE'S SERMON.

Our "salt tute" had seen many a storm at sea; had taken undaunted the lightning, tornado, billows, and reefs of many a fierce danger on the ocean; had once escaped, the only soul saved out of fifty-three, from a foundered bark and five days' suffering, without bread or water, on a cabin door. But, as I heard him tell Mr. Clare afterwards, he had never undergone an experience more painful than those two or three hours of gale in our little sloop. It was his affection for us boys; the reflection that he had proposed the pleasure sail, and the terrible sense of responsibility: those together had tried the old man's heart, head, and nerves, as they had never been tried before.

Among the exciting events of that night, one circumstance impressed me with astonishment, though it was but a small matter perhaps for a boy to have noticed at such a time. It was that the Captain several times expressed himself in terms of piety,

and even ejaculated that prayer when our safety was secured. We had sometimes heard him swear before that, and had always noticed, in contrast to Mr. Clare, his indifference or reticence in any religious service or subject, but the only intelligence or emotion we had ever seen him display in such matters was on the occasion of Mr. Clare's address after the combat between Drake and Alfred.

It was eight o'clock when we struck on our little rocky island of deliverance. Boatswain's Reef was, as its name described, only half an acre in extent, — a jagged, stony reef, raised but a few yards at its highest point above high-tide mark.

Very cold, frightened, and exhausted, we found in a few moments its only shelter, — a level place of sand and sea-grass, about six yards square, defended on the northeast by a miniature cliff. There a lot of sea-weed had accumulated, and the driftings of many gales collected. Several barrel staves, a large worm-eaten ship's knee, a vessel's stern board, with all but the letters "CONQ," obliterated, (the name had probably been *Conqueror*,) and many pieces and splinters of spars. The Captain made the discovery with us, and immediately ordered us to shelter ourselves there and light a fire.

"Thanks, boys, to the necessities of my pipe, I

always have matches in my pockets. Perhaps there are some not wet. Here, hunt for them, I 'll throw off my pea-jacket, for I must go to work and try to save something from the poor *Youth* — our grub at least. I want you to stay where you are, out of the storm, and to get a good fire going. It may possibly show them on the Cape that we are safe."

"Oh Captain!" exclaimed Walter, "do let me help you. I don't want to squat here and do nothing but build a fire whilst you are at work and perhaps in danger."

"Come along then, as you are the biggest and strongest — come along," replied the Captain, and away they hurried to where our good old boat was groaning on the beach and pounding against rocks with every beat of the sea.

She had run on too hard to get off easily, but there she must go to pieces before morning.

The sky was black everywhere. The roar of wind and waves was tremendous. The spray dashed in sheets, at every blow of the sea, over our spot of defence, so that it was difficult to start a fire. We were successful though, and its light showed the figures of the Captain and Walter, by the stranded sloop, climbing on board through the froth of the surf; pitched up and down as she tossed and

bumped; getting down the tattered sail and hauling it ashore; jumping on the beach again with coils of rope; saving all that could be saved. And then, the tide having risen high, both together left her for the last time, bearing, at much risk, the anchor with them, which they fastened in a cleft of the rocks, that when our dear old boat — the home of many and many a fine time — did break up, something might be left of her.

We could not hear their voices, but saw the gestures for us to come and help, and in a few minutes we were all engaged carrying the rescued remnants up to our safe place.

Ugly helped. First he dragged a coil of rope and laid it beside the cliff; then he got hold of a loaf of bread which had dropped from among the other provisions, and carried that with some trouble but much pride.

In the storm and darkness, only fitfully broken by the fire-light, we eat our supper under what shelter the low cliff afforded. Our boyish spirits were much subdued and awed by the peril we had passed through and the sombre scene about us.

The meal being finished, we made some preparations for the night, fastening the sail, by the weight of large stones laid on one edge of it, to the top

of the rock, and then bringing its other edge, the boom side, to the ground and steadying it there with pegs. In that way we constructed a kind of tent, in which we piled a bedding and covering of dry sea-weed.

The Captain stood by the fire, smoking his pipe and watching our arrangements. When they were completed, and we boys, gratified with our success, began to declare our situation "rather jolly," he interrupted us somewhat abruptly in this way: —

"You chaps always say your prayers before you sleep, I dare say. If so, you 'll not forget them to-night — will you?"

"No sir," we answered.

"Young shipmates, you remember how Mr. Clare talked to you one day in the *Clear the Track* — eh? Well, then, for the first time in nigh forty years, — think of that, nigh *for-ty* years, — I said my prayers, the only ones I ever said, that my — mo—ther taught me; and somehow they came so clear to me that I felt like as if my — mo—ther was kneeling beside me. I ran away to sea, like the pesky fool that I was, when I was eleven years old. It was going on four years before I came back to old Marblehead. I had forgotten my prayers. I tried hard to remember them, too, *then*, and some of the

Scripture stories and lessons my— mo—ther used to teach me ; for she was — gone."

His voice did not tremble, but he spoke very slowly, as if he wanted to speak out to us, and yet wished to do it without betraying the deep feeling that the events of the evening had intensified. Each time before he spoke the words "my mother," he took the pipe from his mouth and hesitated a moment, as if to steady himself. Somehow the old Captain's voice was softer, I thought, than I had ever heard it before ; — it may have been fatigue, and the noises of the storm that made it sound so. His face, too, looked to me as if it had lost its hard lines and roughness, — perhaps the fire-light caused that to seem so. And those bold, sharp eyes of his were as gentle as my little sister Aggie's. He continued : —

"Hard times a youngster has at sea, I tell you, and bad companions on every side. No gentle looks or kind words, but knocks and oaths. No time to read, and all that ; hardly a chance to think. Well, I guess I was a bad one, and worse when I went back again, and had my— mo—ther no longer in Marblehead to love me, and no one anywhere in the world to care a button for Rowly," (his given name was Roland.) "I was a pretty reckless,

hearty, devil-me-care fellow, I tell you. I could rough it and fight my way with the strongest, and never thought further ahead than the moment I was living in. So, for thirty years and more I knocked about the world, coming scot-free through a thousand dangers. Yes, and I got ahead all the time and prospered, thinking mighty well of myself, my *good luck*, clear head, and tough arm. I never thought of God. I don't know but that I had almost forgotten there was a God; at any rate, if I thought of Him, it was with doubt and indifference. Yet, boys, in all that time, 'He cared for me, upheld me, *blessed me*.'"

His words grew hurried and thick, his head was turned so I could not see his face, and the old black pipe had fallen from his fingers to the ground. Ugly walked around and snuffed at it in amazement. But the Captain went on, —

"Now I feel it all — *how* I *feel* it — since I heard Mr. Clare that day. Nearly forty years deaf, but I hear God's voice within me *now*, louder and louder every day; and what has He done for us to-day. How He has spoken. Ah! boys, you 'll never be the old sinner I have been. 'Remember *thy* Creator in the days of thy Youth.' Part of the only hymn I can remember, of my mother's, has come again and again to my ear to night — that —

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"I forget the rest, except —

——'Trust Him for his grace:
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.'

"Boys! turn in now. I am on watch and shall keep the fire going. Turn in, I tell you."

With those last words to finish his talk and order us to bed, his voice regained its sailor-like strength and roughness, but it melted again as he added: —

"My dear old boys, we shall all pray to-night, eh? and from wiser and better hearts: *Thank God!*"

The last things I was conscious of that night were the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the waves, and the snapping and fizzing of the red embers, thus telling their stories to the storm of what brave ships they once had been.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe ! poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old nanny-goat:
I wonder how they could do so?
With a ring a ting tang, and a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe." *Mother Goose.*

UGLY VOLUNTEERS. OUR FRESH TUTE TO THE RESCUE!

The storm broke before morning, and a clear, fresh September day opened on us castaways. There was no exertion of ours that could get us home, for our sloop was a complete wreck, and we had but one of the many necessities towards constructing a boat or raft, — what lumber held together in the wreck of the sloop, or had been washed upon the beach, — and that, if we were not rescued before another morning, must go to feed our fire. All the provisions we had taken with us on our day's voyage were consumed, except one loaf of bread and two pies, but enough of the fish had been brought from the sloop to feed us for several meals. Of

water — the greatest necessity — there was not a drop on Boatswain's Half-Acre. During the morning, the want of that became a pain, and before night any one of us would have given all he possessed for a single glass of cold water. Captain Mugford told us that now, for the fourth time in his life, he knew the suffering of thirst.

We must wait to be discovered, to be rescued, and before that we *might die* of thirst, for our island was only a low rock, and not in the direct track of fishing-smacks or freighting vessels. We could see our Cape, and even the old house, but had no way of making signals, except by the fire at night.

Beautiful as was the day, it was one only of pain and anxiety to us. Of the few sails we saw, not one came within three miles of us. Where could Mr. Clare be all this time?

The sea fell so fast, that by two o'clock in the afternoon it was smooth as a lake. Harry Higginson and I sat looking at it on a point of the reef, with Ugly by our side. Ugly's tongue hung dry from his mouth, and he panted for a drop of water, but he was pained, too, I am sure, because of our silence and dejection. Watching our faces, as if wondering what he could do for us, he, at length,

walked down to the water-line and looked across to the Cape with a long whine. Then he ran back and put his paws on Harry's knee, as if he would have him say something. So Harry patted his head and said, "Yes, old boy, I wish we could get there."

He sprang down again and commenced to bark, pointing his nose toward the Cape.

I called to him, "Don't be a fool, Ugly, your little bark can't reach them."

He cried and ran back to Harry, but in a second more, barking like fury, he ran to the water and swam off in the direction of our home.

We called to him again and again, entreating and commanding his return, but he paid no attention to us and swam on. We were filled with sorrow and alarm, for surely little Ugly could not swim that distance, — over three miles. We called to the Captain and the boys, and in a few minutes we were all standing watching the progress of brave Ugly.

What was going on at the Cape all this time?

Mr. Clare did not return on Saturday, and as night set in without our appearance, Clump and Juno got worried. Having, however, great confi-

dence in the Captain's care and skill, they were not so much alarmed as they might have been, supposing that he, seeing the approaching gale, had made some harbor, and that there we would stay until the weather changed. For some reason, both Clump and Juno supposed we had gone to the south. That shore was broken by several bays and small rivers, and eleven miles south was the fishing-town of ——. Nevertheless, the good old people were somewhat alarmed, and sat up all night over their kitchen fire.

By ten o'clock of the next day, their fears had grown too troublesome to allow further inaction. Clump got his dory and pulled over to the village, across the bay. There he got some sailors to take a boat and go down the south coast to look for us, and gathering all the advice and surmises he could, (which were not consoling,) from sea-faring men he knew, returned to the Cape.

When Juno heard Clump's report, her distress was very great. As she groaned, and wiped her wet, shrivelled eyes with a duster, she said: —

"Lor' o' Marsy! Clump, ef harm 's cum ter dem chiles ob Massa Grabes — den — den you berry me, — berry dis ole 'ooman deep."

"Now, toff your mout June — toff your mout!

Wen I 'se done berry you, 'ou yer 'spects gwine 'posit Clump en de bowels ob de arth, ay? He jist stay ere an *tink*." — He did not mean *think*, but another word commencing with that unpronounceable *s*. — "You 'se fool, ole 'ooman; wen you 'se begin mittrut de Lor, ay?"

Clump was so frightened himself, that he had to talk pretty strong to his spouse.

Mr. Clare, after morning service in the church at Q—town, where he had heard a college-mate preach, took advantage of the lovely fall day to walk home, which was about ten miles. He made his way slowly, enjoying greatly every foot of the road, perfectly unconscious of the shock he was to receive at his journey's end.

He heard Clump and Juno's report without a word, only growing paler and paler. Then he sat down and covered his face, and, after a moment of silence, asked the negroes certain questions as to the course they supposed us to have taken, as to the storm on the Cape, &c., &c.

He started off after that on a hard run for Bath Bay, where he jumped into a dory and, pulling out into the greater bay, rowed with all strength over to the village, but his inquiries there could gain no information, so he hired a little schooner-boat and

its owner to go out with him and hunt us up, or find some trace of our fate.

Mr. Clare could not be still whilst the boatman, who had to go up to his home first, was getting ready, but ordered him to make all haste and call for him off the Cape, and then he jumped in the dory again and recrossed to the Cape. But the boatman took a long time in coming, Mr. Clare walking up and down the Cape in the mean while, a prey to the gloomiest apprehension. It was nearly five o'clock before Mr. Clare saw his boat drawing near. At the same moment, he heard a scampering through the short, dry grass behind him, and the wheezing of some animal breathing thick and quick. Turning, he saw, greatly to his surprise, Ugly coming towards him as fast as he could run. Poor little Ugly was dripping with water, and completely blown and tired out, — so tired, that when he had reached Mr. Clare's feet, he could only lie down there and pant. Mr. Clare knew there was some important reason for Ugly's appearing so, and though he could not surmise the full bearings of the case, yet he lifted him in his arms and got on board the boat which had now drawn beside the rocks.

"Which way will 're go sir?" asked the gray, gruff boatman.

"Keep down south of the Cape, near in shore. Clump says they went south," answered Mr. Clare.

Poor Ugly had recuperated somewhat in Mr. Clare's warm coat, and when he had put his nose in a pail of water that was on board, he kept it there until the bucket was empty, much to the surprise of both Mr. Clare and Phil Grayson, the old boatman. Further strengthened and refreshed by something to eat, Ugly jumped up on the bow to see where they were going.

He showed evident signs of disapprobation when he saw the boat turned south; running to the stern he there stretched his nose out to the north and barked furiously. Mr. Clare, thinking from the negroes' assertions that he must be on the right track, could not understand Ugly's uneasiness. How he had reached the Cape, although it was evident he had been in the water somewhere, Mr. Clare did not know, nor could he guess, of course, whence he had come. He only hoped that Ugly had left us in safety, and had come in some way to get assistance. It was nearly dark, and the wind had gone down with the sun. Soon the boat lay becalmed. Ugly showed an unmistakable disposition to jump overboard, which, however, was partly quieted when he saw Mr. Clare and old Phil use

the oars, but when they persevered on the southerly course, Ugly, with an angry bark, sprang overboard and swam in an opposite direction. That movement proved to Mr. Clare that they were going wrong, so the boat was turned and pulled in Ugly's wake until he was overhauled and taken on board. He shook himself, wagged his tail frantically, and kissed the hands of both Phil and Mr. Clare. It was but slow progress with the oars against the flood-tide. In about an hour, however, the first whiffs of the night-breeze came to fill the sails, and the oars were put by. They had rounded the Cape, and old Phil asked again: —

"Whar n-e-ow, Capting — in shore you think, or straight ahead?"

"Near the shore, I should think, just br" — but Mr. Clare's reply was interrupted by Ugly's barking.

Skipper Phil put the boat's head to the northeast to get nearer in shore as Mr. Clare had said, and — splash! Ugly was overboard again and making for the north.

"You see, Phil," said Mr. Clare, "you must get sailing-orders from Ugly, not me; and, Phil, I begin to be much encouraged by that dog's actions. He does not hesitate, but seems to have something important to do, and to feel confidence in his ability to do it."

"That 's so, Capting," answered Phil, as, having got the boat about, he fastened the sheets and put the other hand to the helm, "he 's a divil, he is. Durned if that ar dog do-'ant understand talk. Did you take notice h-e-ow he was overboard as quick as you spoke, afore I did a blamed thing. But whar are we going — that 's what I want to know."

"Phil," interrupted Mr. Clare, "what light is that flaring up away ahead there on your leeward quarter?"

"By gorry! the sails hid that — they did," Phil grumbled, and bent down to see beneath the sails. He chuckled some time before he answered, and his chuckle grew to a laugh. "Ha! ha! ha! dang my papers — that ar light is on Boatswain's Reef, just as sure as my name is Phil Grayson. Mr. Clare — hurrah! — your boys are safe."

Ugly, who had been lifted on board before that, joined his rejoicing bark to the skipper's merriment, and from the reef came a distant hallooing.

The flames at the reef grew brighter and higher. The sparks flashed and flew up to the dark sky. The shouting increased to yells. The rescuers on the schooner answered, and as for Ugly, the hero of our deliverance, he was almost frantic with delight.

The first words that were distinguishable from the reef were: —

"Is that you, Mr. Clare? Have you any water on board?"

"Yes!" was responded.

"Oh! do hurry, then, — we can't stand this longer!" cried out Harry.

In two hours more as happy a boat-load as ever floated was springing before a fresh breeze toward the Cape. Long before we touched shore our glad halloos had reached the old house and lifted a heavy weight from the hearts of Clump and Juno.

They met us on the rocks, and each one of us had to undergo an embrace from their sable excellencies, — aye, excellencies indeed, in devotion and uprightness such as this world seldom sees surpassed. Even Captain Mugford did not escape the ardor of the welcome; and whilst they hugged us the dear old negroes were crying like children from joy.

CHAPTER XV.

EVENINGS ON THE WRECK, WITH A STORY FROM THE CAPTAIN.

THE favorite season of girls, is, I think, Spring; and of boys, Autumn. One is the time of dreams, flowers, and emotions; the other, the period of hopes, courage, and accomplishment.

October, the fulness of Autumn, with its cool, clear, bracing air; with its gathered crops, rustling leaves and golden light: October, when days of furious storm are succeeded by weeks of hazy sunshine and muffled quiet; when the fish are fat but greedy; when quacking sea-fowl and game of every kind tempt the lovers of good sport —

Ah! that is the time for boys.

We fellows gulped it up as the hounds do their Indian-meal when the hunters are calling, for when October should come to an end, then too would finish our six months at the Cape.

This dashed our cup of happiness with regret, as the falling leaves and low winds moaning of winter

touch October with a tint of sadness. But in one case, as in the other, the spice of regret was just what gave zest to the enjoyment of our pleasure.

The days being so short, it got to be our habit to improve every one of our daylight hours, out of school, in the many sports which invited us, and to do our studying in the evenings. So every night, as soon as supper was finished, we repaired with Mr. Clare to the school-room in the old brig. There would be a wood-fire crackling in the stove, and two shaded, bright lamps swinging over the tables.

We took up our studies, and Mr. Clare sat by, ready to answer questions or give explanations. When not busied with us he smoked and chatted with Captain Mugford, or read the papers and magazines. Ugly had his place on a mat where he could hear and see all that was going on.

Generally, during some portion of the evening, the Captain spread out his great red bandanna on his knees, and took a loud-snoring nap. Every movement of our salt tute's was interpreted by some corresponding signal of the bandanna handkerchief. When perplexed, he wiped his forehead with it; when amused, it blew a merry peal on his nose; in moments of excitement or delight, it was

snapped by his side; when sleepy, he spread it on his lap; and once, I remember, he suddenly stowed it away — when much enraged by an impudent fellow who was shooting on our Cape — in the stomach of his breeches instead of in the usual hind-pocket of his coat. The intruder seemed to understand the warlike signal, for he immediately stopped his insolence and made off. In fact, the Captain's red bandanna was like the Spanish women's fan — a language in itself.

One evening we all finished our lessons early and drew our stools about the stove. Our salt tute was snoring bass and Ugly treble, so we did not disturb their dreams, but talked in low voices to Mr. Clare, until, whether intentionally or irresistibly I know not, Drake gave a tremendous sneeze, so loud and shrill that Ugly sprang to his legs with a bark, and the Captain's head bounced from his chest and struck the back of his chair with a bang.

"Bless my soul!" said the Captain, clutching the handkerchief from his knees and commencing to wipe his head with it. "Bless my soul, I reckon I have been napping. There you are, all laughing around the fire, whilst I have been dreaming of Louis Mullen; and Ugly, what were your dreams, eh?"

"Who is Louis Mullen?" asked Mr. Clare. "I have never heard you speak of him before, Captain Mugford."

The Captain answered slowly and with some mystery: "Ah! that is a strange story, about Louis; so strange that you would hardly believe it, and I dislike to recall it. Let's talk of something more jolly to-night. There are those boys, done their lessons and full of fun. Drake, you harlequin, I believe it was you who sneezed so, and I'll bet you did it on purpose to scare me out of my nap."

"What nonsense, sir! As if I would do such a thing!" answered Drake, shaking with smothered laughter. "But Captain, do tell us about that man, Louis what's-his-name. I know it must be a splendid story, by the face you made. Won't you?"

"Oh no," answered the Captain, rubbing the back of his neck nervously with the red bandanna. "I can't tell that — it is rather too strange to think about. B-o-oh! Let's all sing a good song, — 'Bay of Biscay, oh!' or 'There's a sweet little cherub sits up aloft.'"

"How mean, Captain!" we all cried out. "You must tell us that story. Do, now please."

The Captain did not like the turn affairs had taken. His forehead was getting furiously polished with the handkerchief, and he moved about in his chair as if he were sitting on nettles. After a few moments of such expressions as "Pshaw!" "Nonsense!" "What teasers you boys are!" he exclaimed: —

"Well, now I'll make a bargain with you, — make Mr. Clare promise to tell a story after mine, and I'll spin my yarn."

"Will you, Mr. Clare?" we asked.

"Yes," he answered, for he was really as anxious as we to hear what was so strange about Louis Mullen.

Captain Mugford filled his pipe slowly and lighted it. Then he tilted up his chair and rolled the red bandanna into a ball, which he took in his left hand, and spitting once or twice thoughtfully into the stove, commenced —

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.

"You know what caused the war that has just ended, — the impressment of seamen by the English navy. The durned pig-heads that the British are, always meddling and domineering, claimed the right to search our vessels on the high seas and

impress any English subject they might find aboard our ships. But Brother Jonathan could not stand that sort of bullying long, so we had the war that people will always call, I suppose, 'The War of 1812.' Well, a few months before the fight commenced, I was sailing a good eleven-hundred-tonner, a real tight, fast clipper, between Baltimore and Havre. On one trip we sailed from Baltimore on the thirteenth of July. We had three passengers and a pretty good crew, shipped in Baltimore. On the first day out I looked over the ship's book, and among the names of able-bodied seamen I read 'Louis Mullen.' Now I know there is nothing peculiar about that name — it is not a common one to be sure, but a good, ordinary-sounding name, like 'Roland Mugford,' 'Richard Clare,' 'Walter Graves.' However, it interested me in a curious way. I could not get it out of my head. All the morning I kept repeating, unwillingly, to myself, 'Louis Mullen,' 'Louis Mullen.' In the afternoon I inspected the crew, and picked out correctly which was Louis Mullen before any of them had answered to their names. He was a far superior man to the others in appearance, strong and well made, neatly dressed, and with a very intelligent countenance. After that I should not have noticed

him, had he not always done his work better than any sailor on board and shown a very ready, respectful manner. Ten days out the third mate died in a fit. I put Louis Mullen in his place, and soon began to see that my new mate was an educated man. From his manners I judged, too, that he came from a better streak of society than usually fed our forecastles. I liked him; my interest in him increased every day. We went along with the quiet of a summer sea, but what wind we had was generally ahead, which is unusual at that season, when westerly winds prevail as a rule.

"On the twentieth day of the voyage, when we had only made about one third of the way, I was giving some order to the third mate, when the lookout suddenly cried, 'Sail on the starboard bow.' I looked in that quarter and saw a barque-rigged vessel just above the horizon. She seemed to be pointed toward us. As we approached each other I got my glass and made a survey. Calling Louis Mullen, who was near me, I said: 'Take a squint, sir; if my eyes don't lie that is a durned British frigate, and she is going to search us,' and I handed the glass to Mullen. To my astonishment he was as white as a corpse, and the glass which he grasped shook in his hand. I saw it all in a moment. He

was a British subject! However, I said nothing, and he returned to his duty. In an hour the two vessels were not more than half a mile apart. A few minutes more, and a cannon-ball flew ahead of our bow. It was the order that always riled, — the order to lay to. There was no get out of it, so our sails were backed, and there we were, waiting for his Majesty's officers — blast them! — to come aboard. A boat dropped from the side of the frigate. Just then some one touched me on the arm. I turned, and saw the pallid face of my new mate.

"'Captain,' said he, 'can I see you for a moment in the cabin?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'but be quick about it.'

"We descended, and the very instant we were alone Mullen grasped my hand, and, in accents of despair, said: —

"'Save me, Captain Mugford, for God's sake save me from that frigate's yard-arm! I am a gentleman, — only twenty-five years old. I was impressed when passing along the Liverpool docks one night. I deserted when my vessel reached Boston. If they discover me I shall swing, a corpse, before night.'

"What a terrible situation, — the frigate's boat

not a quarter of a mile off. But in a second, before Mullen had ceased speaking, a fortunate scheme had entered my head.

"'Stand here for a minute,' I said, and jumped up to the top of the companion-way.

"'Mr. Smith, come here!' The first mate approached. 'Mr. Smith,' continued I, as fast as I could speak, 'Mr. Smith, delay that boat's crew in every possible way. See you to it that their feet are not on these decks in less than ten minutes.'

"With that I jumped down again and handed a razor to poor Louis Mullen. 'Be steady, — I shall save you. *Shave off your beard* — quick!' Then I rushed into the passengers' cabin, where the only lady passenger, an amiable but rather vain old woman of about sixty, was sitting.

"'Madam,' I addressed her, 'would you save a fellow-being's life? I can see the willingness in those beautiful, kind eyes,'— Blarney was necessary, for the next step was to play havoc with her dearest illusion. 'Madam, quick! — give me your false front.'

"Speechless and as much horror-struck as the poor fellow shaving for his life in the next cabin, the old lady only stared at me as if I were an assassin. 'Madam, quick!' She still sat like a

petrifaction, whilst I could hear the regular strokes of the frigate's boat drawing nearer and nearer.

"It was a matter of life and death, and there was not a second to be lost. It went against the grain, but I stretched out my hand and snatched the false hair from her forehead. Poor old lady! The few gray hairs and her beseeching eyes met my gaze. 'Madam, on my knees I ask your pardon; but a man's life is at stake.' She changed in a moment, and, though the tears were in her eyes, said: —

"'No matter, — no matter, Captain, you have only helped an old woman do what her vanity might have prevented.'

"'Thank you! Thank you, dear lady, a thousand times!' I exclaimed, and hurried with my treasure to the poor mate. He finished shaving as I entered, but from a great gash below his chin the blood ran profusely. 'Off with your coat,' I cried. 'There, pitch it in my state-room. Come, quick!' He hurried with me, and I reëntered the passengers' cabin.

"'Madam,' I said again to the old lady, who yet remained there, 'will you increase the debt this gentleman and I can never repay?'

"'Yes, Captain, I will do anything to help you,' the dear old woman answered.

"'Then let this gentleman use your state-room.'

"As she opened the door I heard the English voices at the ship's side. 'Jump into that berth and cover yourself up,' I said. In a second he was in, pants, boots, and all but his coat and collar.

"'Now Madam,' I continued, taking her cold hands in mine, 'this lady in bed here is your sister, dying with a hemorrhage. Put some lace jig-a-maree around her neck and, if the officer enters, hold the bloody towel to her mouth, and your smelling bottle to her nose: dear lady, a life depends upon your acting.'

"As I hurried away, she said: 'Have no fear, we will save him, by God's help, from those villains.'

"I got on deck, just as the English lieutenant stepped over the side. I had had time, however, on my way up, to alter the list of passengers, and that of the crew, writing after Mrs. Root (such was our savior's name) 'and sister,' and after Louis Mullen's name, 'died at sea on the 17th July.'

"The usual forms accompanying those disagreeable visits were gone through with, and the men were drawn up for inspection. After that, the lieutenant and two sailors descended to look through the cabins, — I with them. They came to Mrs. Root's door, and the officer asked, 'Who is in there?'

"'Mrs. Root and a sister, who is at the point of death,' I answered.

"'I regret,' said the officer, 'that my duty compels me to ask admittance there.'

"'Well, sir, allow me first to prepare the ladies for your most unusual command,' saying which, I advanced and rapped at the state-room.

"Mrs. Root, in a voice of affliction, bade me enter. I saw that everything was arranged as I had directed, and that the lady with glossy black hair in the berth was dying, as far as appearances went, so I stepped out again and told the lieutenant to go in, begging him to do it as quietly as possible. He did so, — bowed to Mrs. Root, who was holding the bloody towel to her sister's lips with one hand, and with the other was bathing her forehead, — looked carefully around the room, scrutinized as much of the sick person's face as could be seen, and, bowing again, backed out of the state-room. After a thorough survey of the ship had been made, I did, as etiquette always required in those cases, — asked the durned officer to take a glass of wine. We were passing through the cabin again, just then, and the lieutenant answering, 'Yes, I thank you,' sat himself down, by jingo, right before the door where poor old Mrs. Root and Louis Mullen were prison-

ers. The wine was brought, and blast my peepers if the pesky chap in uniform did not sit there sipping Madeira for nearly an hour.

"At length we were rid of his Majesty's officer, and I don't know that I was ever more glad to part with any one who had drank wine with me. I hurried to the cabin to express my sincere obligations to good Mrs. Root, and congratulate my third mate on his deliverance from the yard-arm. Louis Mullen's gratitude to Mrs. Root and myself was something to remember, and I can see him now, as he held her hand and mine and told us he could never express half of his thankfulness. From that time to the end of our voyage, we three were always together when Mullen and I could be off duty. I grew very fond of Mrs. Root, who was one of the sweetest old ladies in the world, and, since her strange introduction to Louis Mullen, had got to love him as if he were her son. The mate and I were much together on deck, too, and before our arrival at Havre, I felt more attached to him than to any man I had ever known. The last evening aboard-ship, we three sat together on deck, talking pleasantly of the events of our voyage, and relating incidents of our past lives. I was very much interested in what I learned of 'our mother's' history, — Louis Mullen

and I always spoke to one another of Mrs. Root as our old mother. But Mullen's career, although he was so young, was as strange and exciting as the best novel. I can't tell you any of it now, because it is getting late, and I must hurry up and give you the singular termination of my friendship with him, so that we can then hear Mr. Clare's story. Our old mother said to us that night, as we were about parting for our berths, — 'I am an old woman; we shall not probably meet again, but you two good men shall live in my heart as long as it beats. I have no kith or kin except my brother in Havre, who is older than I; and when I die, I shall leave what little I have to you, Louis Mullen. God bless you both.' The tears were in her eyes as I assisted her down the narrow stairway to the cabin. When Louis Mullen shook me by the hand, 'good-bye,' the next afternoon in Havre, he said, with much feeling, 'Thanks to you, my dear Captain, for all your kindness. I *know* we shall meet again. I know, too, how sincere is my attachment to you, sir, but somehow — I wonder why it is — I look forward to that meeting in the same way one feels a dangerous illness coming on; with a sort of superstitious dread — what *can* be the reason? No matter, however, we *must* meet. I only pray that when

in danger again, I may, in body *or spirit*, find you to help me. Good-bye ; good-bye, true old friend,' and he hastened away. Somehow, parting with Mullen sort of jerked at my heart, and you all know that heart is a pretty tough one. But I could not understand what he meant by all that strange talk about dread of next meeting and calling on me *in body or spirit*. It bothered me, and I had to turn in to a tavern and get a glass of rum to think it over. Drinking that — while I looked out on a dirty side-street in Havre, with a confounded chattering of French gibberish around — did not help me, and I began to fear my temporary third mate might be a le-e-tle curious in his upper story. However !

" Nearly three years went by. I often thought of the two friends I had made so queerly. There was not much chance I would meet them where I was knocking about, for, as you all know, I was commanding, first, one privateer, and then another, and running some pretty close shaves from British broadsides. Once in port at Providence, I got a letter from the ' good old mother.' She recalled the old time, and was very anxious to know where Louis Mullen was. She said she was a sick body now, not long for this world, and had put by the *false front* and many other vanities. It was a kind, funny

letter — as sweet as the dear old woman herself, and as odd. Six months after that, I ran out of the Chesapeake and caught some fat prizes, and carried one into Havana. There I found a letter, which had been forwarded by some other privateer, perhaps. It was in an unknown handwriting to me. I found, alas! it was announcing the death of Mrs. Root, and advising me that she had left all her personal property to Louis Mullen, and named me sole executor. I went to sea again in a few days, heading for the Florida reefs. We did nothing for a week, having a succession of calms with interludes of tropical squalls. My thoughts were very busy, recalling the kind old soul who had once made a voyage with me, and was now a passenger across the dark, troubled sea of Death; and I was perplexed, too, wondering how I should ever find Louis Mullen and tell him of his good fortune, — about twenty thousand dollars. I had not heard of or from him since we parted in Havre. Well, Jack makes sail, the Lord *steers*. Wind came at last, a half gale from the sou'west, and as I wanted to get home or find prey again, I did not spare canvas, but cracked on what she would carry, — a prime, twelve knotter schooner she was, — and slipped along. Before night, however, a tornado, that came out of the

gale like a cannon-shot, almost put us on our beam ends. It would have done so entirely if I had not, fortunately, been on deck and at the helm myself, just then. As it was, it left some rags aloft. Ha, thought I to myself, I guess that flare caught some craft in these seas not so well prepared as we. After the big puff, the wind settled into its former steadiness, — hard, but not a bit too much for a sailor in a hurry, and I went down to supper, — roast potatoes with their jackets on, and a good piece of dried beef fried with onions, — the sort of meat that tastes well at sea when you have had a little rough work on deck. After the steward, who was cook as well as steward, had cleared away the remnants, I was left alone in my little cabin. You see my mates bunked in a house on deck, just aft of the foremast, so that we could keep both ends of our craft under eye all the time.

"I got my pipe — this very same dudeen I am filling now — and stretched out to have a good time. I had a big Maltese cat on board: she came, as was her habit, when I smoked below deck, and purred in my lap. Halloo, Ugly! you are wide awake when I talk of cats. Well, that one would have proved a tough customer for you."

I think the Captain was affecting a joviality as

he approached, but put off a subject he did not like to talk about, for the handkerchief was in very active motion again, and he kept tilting his chair as if it was on rockers. Moreover, he spit more than was his habit, and rather recklessly. He had hit my boots once. Nevertheless, he sailed on in this way: —

"I fell asleep after my smoke. When I woke, I found it was about four bells; so as I did n't want to turn in, but to keep awake and go on deck soon. I thought I would write up my log-book. It was Sunday night, March the 3d; I remember it well. Now my ship books and papers I always kept locked up in a small case that stood in the cabin, and I had a famous lock to that case which no one could pick or tamper with. So I drew the little brass key out of my breeches pocket and got out my log-book. Pussy was curled up under the lamp on the table, and as I put the book beside her, whilst I rigged on my specs, durn my eyes if she did n't get up her back and retreat, spitting and growling right to the edge of the table, when she gave one furious yell and flew with a bound straight out of the larboard deadlight, which was open, into the sea. The poor old Maltese had met with a watery grave, and as I thought then — I don't think so now though — from a fit

that I had caused, I supposed, by giving her a lot of my fried beef. Well, there was no use fussing about the cat. One unearthly me-ouw only reached my ears. Before we had rushed on a stone's-throw, she must have sunk in such a sea. Lamenting the tragical end of my pet, I wiped the specs, drew my chair closer to the table, and opened the log-book.

"Beneath the last day's entry, I found this written heavily in pencil: —

"'Help! help! Steer nor'west by nor'-nor'west, until you hear the breakers. I am clinging to a capsized boat, but am dying, I fear. Come quick, for God's sake.

"'Louis Mullen.'

"I read it as I might have stared at a ghost, for I knew no hand in my schooner had written that. No one could have got at my books without breaking the lock, and not a soul on board had ever heard me speak of Louis Mullen. I never believed in spirits, and I don't now, and I don't think I am a very cowardly man; but as I saw that writing, I trembled like a leaf, and dared not raise my eyes from the book. It seemed as if some one were leaving the vacant chair near me, and hurrying from the cabin. I can't imagine why I thought that, for I heard no movement of any kind, nor did the door

open or shut. The only sounds were the dash of the water and the straining and creaking of the schooner through the chopping sea. When the presence I *felt* had gone, I jumped up and looked around the cabin. Everything in it was as usual, except that a cold sweat stood on me in beads, and the long presiding cat was gone. I rushed to the deck and called to the mate on watch, 'Mr. Grapck! Mr. Grapck!'

"'Aye, aye, Captain,' he answered, right off from his place by the mast-head. 'I am here, sir?'

"'Have you seen anything, Mr. Grapck?'

"'No sir, but we have got a good watch forward.'

"'Put the schooner to the nor'west by nor'-nor'-west, and keep her there steady. I want the best man at the wheel. No; I 'll take it myself. You, Mr. Grapck, get on more sail. Quick, get up our topsail and flying jib. Double the watch for'ard. Don't stop and look at me, damn it. Do what I have told you.'

"Grapck was an old sea-dog; gray enough to be my father. He was taken aback by the orders, for there was too much wind for a yard more of canvas, and why I should suddenly change the schoon-

er's course and double the watch, were serious puzzles. He told me afterwards that he was afraid, then, I had gone crazy.

"In five minutes the extra sails were running up, merely to be immediately furled again, for I saw the topmast would snap, and the new strain for'ard buried our bowsprit in every big sea. Mates and crew, when they heard me countermanding the orders I had just executed, were amazed, and probably thought of me as old Grapck did.

"Well, I was nigh crazy. It seemed as if the mysterious words I had read in the log-book were howled to me from the waves ahead. The schooner, tearing along as she did, seemed to move like a log to my impatient eye.

"All night I kept at the helm, never swerving a hair's-breadth from nor'west by nor'-nor'west. The night was a month to me, and yet so excited was I that I forgot my pipe for nine hours.

"Morning broke. Half an hour later the second mate called out, 'By——, I hear surf, as sure as I am a living man,' and I could discern, too, the far-distant hum of breakers. In fifteen minutes more, there might have been a mutiny, for believing that I, in a fit of delirium, was running them all to destruction, the officers or crew would have got me

from the helm by strategy or force. But two minutes, only, after the second mate's hail, the for'ard watch cried, 'Something, like a boat, bottom up, away just a point north of our course;' and he sang out again, 'A man on it, I believe.' I was too much flurried now to keep her steady, so I called Mr. Grapck to take the helm, and went for'ard.

"Right ahead, about a quarter of a mile, was a capsized boat. There was something lying across it, but whether a human being or not, I could not distinguish until we were nearer, and then there was no doubt that it was a man. I gave orders to pass the boat by a stone's-throw, and then come up to the wind and lower a boat, which was done, and I jumped into her, taking, of course, the tiller. The sea was very rough, but I urged the men forward. The figure we steered for was lying across the boat's keel, and the head fallen on an arm, so that I could not see his face until we were close alongside. Then I saw, as I knew I should, Louis Mullen. We lifted him into the boat, for he was insensible, probably from the effects of a bruise we discovered on the side of his neck and head. In half an hour I had him undressed and warm in my own berth. Food was prepared, and I poured some

warm toddy down his throat. He opened his eyes with an expression of recognition and thanks. I now put the schooner's head for Fernandina.

"That night, poor Louis Mullen managed to speak to me for a few minutes, and told me that on his way to Havana in a small vessel, she had been capsized in a tornado,— it was the same one that struck us, — that she had sunk almost immediately, and that he believed he was the only person saved. As he had risen to the surface, after going down with the vessel, some heavy, floating remnant of the ill-fated craft struck him twice, but that he managed to swim to the capsized boat and crawl up on it. I stopped him there and told him he must not talk, but get all the quiet possible. We could chat, as much as he pleased, when he got better. 'Ah, Captain,' he answered, 'I shall never get better. I am dying; but perhaps I had better not say more to-night.' I did not believe he was dying, but knew that after such exhaustion, and with the terrible blow he had received on the chest, neck, and head, he must not be allowed to fatigue or excite himself, but get rest and nourishment. I could not be with him the next morning, for we were in waters that required my hand and eye, so I put the cook, a very good colored fellow, in charge of Louis

Mullen. Now and then I ran down for a minute at a time and found him always sleeping heavily. When I went to him again after dinner, he woke up, smiled, and tried to speak. When I had lifted him and put some pillows behind his back, he seized my hand and said slowly and with much exertion, as if it hurt him inwardly to talk, — and I begged him not to say a word but lie still, but he shook his head determinedly and went on, — 'I have only to-day, I think, to live, so I may as well have a talk with you now, my dear Captain — my dear friend. What — a — strange friendship ours has been. We never met but twice, and both times you warded off death from me for a while. I did not tell you when we were together on the voyage to Havre, that — the — night before I shipped with you I had a dream, when something like an angel spoke to me, telling me to go to such a wharf in the city, — it was Baltimore — was n't it? — and ship on board such a ship, describing yours, and also describing the Captain, which was you exactly.' I made him stop talking then by telling him what I knew about Mrs. Root. He smiled again as I called her 'our old mother,' but when I spoke of her death and the proof of her affection for him, there were tears in his eyes. Then he interrupted me. 'I can't live

to use that money. No! dear old lady — dear old lady. But, Captain, I want to tell you, whilst I can, what is most strange in our acquaintanceship. A few hours after I got on that boat, I grew unconscious of things about me, or I fell asleep, perhaps; but, at any rate, I thought then of you and wished so hard you could save me again; and somehow, I *knew* that you were sailing within a few hours of me, and I tried to cry out. A little time passed,—I don't know how long, — and then it seemed as if I got off the boat and came, somehow, in a second to your ship; and, Captain, the most singular part of my dream, or whatever it was, is — how it bewilders me to remember it — is that I was both on the boat, and at the same time — and — and — do give me some more wine.' I handed it to him and poured some down his throat, and begged him not to talk, but he said he must, and went on: 'And at the same time on your vessel, but I felt like a *shadow* and no one could see me — even you did not. I tried to speak, but could not. So then I thought I 'll write what I *must* tell him. Your log-book was on the table. I saw you would — would — oh, how tired I am! — I saw you would use it in a few minutes, so I sat down in a chair by your table and wrote, telling you where I was, and

begging you to rescue me, — and it seemed just then, as if a big cat that was lying on the table saw me, and was so frightened that it sprang away with a yell. When — I — had — watched — you — open the book — and — read what I had written, I had to go back and be on the — on the — on the boat — and I woke up again, and somehow I felt sure you would come soon — Captain, dear cap — quick! quick! oh! oh! God help — forgive me — I — I — am dying — dy —.' With the greatest agony in his face, and those unfinished words on his lips, poor Louis Mullen fell forward, his face on his knees. His hand still clasped mine. As I laid him back on the pillows, I saw that he was yet living, but the *pains* of death seemed to have been passed, for he smiled pleasantly, and the eyes that were getting so dim seemed to say he — he — loved me. I felt his fingers squeeze mine, and then — he was a corpse."

The Captain rubbed the bandanna over his eyes, and got up to stand with his back to the stove. We were all too much moved to say a word. In a few minutes the Captain, affecting a gruff, indifferent tone, continued: —

"There, you have got the whole of my story. I have told every word I ever knew of Louis Mullen.

The good old mother's money had to go back to some distant relations of her's, for, with all my trying and advertising, I could never find any knowledge of such a person as Louis Mullen, nor friends, nor heirs of his; — that 's all. I have told just the simple facts of what is too strange for me. Blast me if I can understand it at all."

The Captain slumped down (as it were) slowly and heavily into his chair, heaved a great sigh, and stowed away the red handkerchief carefully in his bosom. It seemed as if I saw some old barnacled ship, after long perils in unknown seas, come tacking dully, with mildewed sails, into a safe harbor at last.

Harry Higginson, some time before the Captain's yarn concluded, got up from his seat and went to the side of our cabin school-room and stood there, looking through a dead-light which was open to ventilate the room. He had remembered that it was about the time of the moon's rising, and went to watch it come up. As our salt tute finished, Harry turned from his lookout, and, catching my eye, beckoned me to join him, and so I did. Coming beside him, Harry pointed out and whispered, — for the spell of the story still lingered over us, and no one seemed willing to break it roughly, — "What do you make of that, Bob?"

The big mellow moon was right before us, and, as one would say, about the height of a house above the eastern horizon. Its light silvered a path on the sea to us, — a path that was bounded on one side by the bold, dark rocks of the southern shore of the Cape, and whose limit to our right was as undefined as the undulating waters it was lost in. Across the stretch of moonlight, and a half mile from the wreck, I saw a small sloop-rigged boat heading for a point that made the southern side of a snug little cove which afterwards got the name of "Pirate's Cove." It was the sight of that boat at such a time coming towards the shore of our rough Cape that caused Harry's question to me.

"Singular — blamed singular," I answered; "we must watch that craft."

Mr. Clare called to us, "Boys, what are you whispering about over there?"

We wanted to keep watch quietly by ourselves, on the discovery which promised some interest, so we did not answer, and Walter, at that moment, called on Mr. Clare for his story.

"Well," said Mr. Clare, "I promised a story as the only way of getting Captain Mugford's. I bought a great deal cheaply, and must pay now.

But I cannot get over the influence of that very strange history. I should like to think of it, and try to reconcile its mysterious occurrences with some probable explanation. However, I must tell my story."

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. CLARE'S STORY.

"FIVE years ago this fall, I started with a lot of other young men in our neighborhood, — the county town of Castine, — to go about seventy-five miles up the Penobscot, a lumbering. The winter's work is cutting down the trees and getting them to the river-bank ready for the spring thaw, when they are gathered in rafts and floated down to a sea-port. We went provided for six months' severe life in the snow-bound forests. Almost every man, too, took his gun or rifle. The journey to the site of our winter's encampment was made on foot; our clothes, provisions, stoves, and cooking utensils being loaded on an ox-cart that accompanied us, the oxen being necessary to haul the timber to the river as our work extended back.

"After a week's journey, we came to the spot selected for our winter's work, on a bend of the river, ten miles above where the Madawankeag joins the Penobscot. Of course, it is an utterly

wild region there, never trodden except by hunters, and away beyond the usual search of lumbermen. I do not know why my uncle, the lumber-boss of our expedition, went sixty miles beyond ordinary timber-cuttings. Perhaps it was to procure, on a special order, a remarkably fine choice of oak and pine, and that that spot had been marked by him in some hunting trip or Indian survey as producing the finest timber in Maine. It was grandly beautiful there, where a valley, running at a right angle to the river's course, spread out at the bank to a semi-circle, containing a hundred acres and more of most magnificent trees, — a vast forest city inhabited by immense patriarchs, gray-bearded with moss. Their dignity and stateliness and venerable air were most impressive; and when they sang to the strong wind, chanting like the Druids of old, even I, who had always lived in a country of forests, was filled with awe. And we pigmies of twenty and thirty years had invaded this sanctuary to slay its lords who counted age by centuries, and had lived and reigned here before our forefathers first trod the continent. The quietude and hazy light of Indian summer floated through the aisles and arches of the solemn forest city as we first saw it — a leaf falling lazily now and then across the slanting beams of the set-

ting sun, — a startled caribou, on the discovery of our approach, hurrying from his favorite haunt with lofty strides. All else in the picture before us was silent and motionless. Our winter's home! Those lofty coverts to be levelled to a bare, stump-marked plane! The old vikings of the primeval forests, to be fashioned by the axe, to battle with the fury of the ocean, and reverberate with reports of hostile broadsides, — to bear the flag of their country in peace and commerce, too, to far distant lands; all as triumphantly as they had for ages wrestled only with the winds!

"You laugh, Drake, and you are right, for I doubt if many of us thought then in that strain. No, there is not much sentiment among lumbermen, and as we regarded those mighty oaks and pines, it was principally with speculative calculation as to how many solid feet of prime timber 'that 'ar thicket would yield.'

"The first task was that of building log-houses — two for our twenty hands. In each was an immense chimney-piece, a cooking-stove, and a bed stretching the width of the house on the floor, with a mattress of hemlock boughs. The rifles and shot-guns hanging over the wide fireplace, and a long pine table and rustic benches, completed the furni-

ture of our houses. The oxen and a company of hounds and mongrels had their quarters in a low log barn between the houses. Our supplies of fresh meat for the winter depended upon the good use of the fire-arms, and each week some one man of our number was detailed as hunter.

"That winter of 1810 proved the coldest ever remembered in Maine, but the long mild autumn gave no threats of the season that was to succeed it. Before the first snow — which was, I remember, on the 20th of November — our little forest colony was comfortably established and a score of big trees laid stretched in the leaves.

"In our company were many fine, intelligent young men; all taught somewhat, some tolerably well educated. None had been to college. I did not go until the following summer. They were frank, generous, honorable fellows, — honest and brave, but perfectly ungodly and reckless of Heaven's displeasure, or the life hereafter. After the day's labor, the evening was dissipated in card-playing, swearing, and hard drinking. Many a scene of riot and orgies did those log-walls witness. Such is generally the life in a lumber camp: hard wholesome labor in the day, loud revelling at night. The rough, adventurous life, with no home

charm or female influence to refine or restrain, is probably the principal reason of such low practice of life in the lumberman's camp.

"The worst character in our company — and he happened to be in the same house with me — was a man of twenty-eight years of age, the son of a French father and American mother, and whose mother's grandfather had been an Indian warrior of some renown in the early history of our province. In him were united the savageness of the red man, the gayety of the Frenchman, and the shrewdness of the Yankee. He was a large, handsome and immensely muscular man, with dark complexion, small straight features, quick black eyes, and long raven-colored beard and hair that hung down to his shoulders. Utterly wicked and unprincipled as he was, his merriment, off-hand and daring lent him a certain fascination and popularity among us. He was very witty, his laugh was rich and constant, he sang well, and played in a dashing way the violin. Every night he found some one to gamble with him. Every night he drank a pint of whiskey, and kept the cabin in an uproar.

"I disliked this Guyon Vidocq heartily; for exerting the most powerful influence in our company, all

of whom but the boss were younger than he, he was corrupting it steadily.

"The best man of our number was John Bar, and a fine Christian, cheerful-hearted fellow he was. Although differing so widely from Guyon Vidocq, he, without any effort to do so and indeed unconsciously, disputed the palm of popularity with him. He was an active, powerful man too, and though terribly pock-marked, had a most agreeable countenance. He could troll a pleasant stave, and loved, when off hunting or at work with his axe sometimes, to sing one of our Castine Sunday hymns, and whenever there was a respectable party in the evening instead of the usual rioting set, he would willingly give them, 'The Fireside at Home,' 'Merrily row, the Boat row,' or any of the good old-fashioned songs, pure and inspiriting. Not another of us was so cheerful and industrious as John Bar. Drinking, gambling, or swearing, he was never guilty of, and when the evening orgies commenced, he generally spoke to me, and we went off together to visit at the other cabin, or, if they were as bad there, find a warm corner with our blankets in the log barn, and there chat away the hours until our companions had calmed down and turned into their bunks. John Bar was not a

meddler, nor what is contemptuously called in such reckless societies as ours was 'a preacher;' but as he was loyal to his country, and loyal to his parents, he was far more loyal to his God. It would madden any *man* to hear his mother's name profanely used; it made John Bar's heart sick — yes, and I have seen him tremble with rage — when the name of his Saviour was taken as an oath. Sometimes then, and at other times when the wickedness in camp was rampant, he would break out in words of fire, — words of fire that soon mingled with, and at last wholly changed to words of love and entreaty. The others never resented these attacks, these living sermons that his overpowering sense of duty and outraged feeling made him speak. They felt the power of his influence and acknowledged his goodness, for it was full of charity. Even Guyon Vidocq resented not John Bar's corrections. He laughed, ripped out another oath, and took himself away. But alone, his face grew dark and angry, for he feared the power of John's goodness, and *hated* him.

"My turn as hunter did not come until the 18th December, and my companion from the other house was an old acquaintance of mine in Castine. We had been schoolmates and near neighbors when

boys, but since that he had been away at sea. He was a quiet, amiable young man, and one of the steadiest in our camp.

"Sometimes such an expedition kept the hunters away for the entire week, and sometimes they would get separated. In either case the night's shelter was a rough one, and dependent for safety and comfort upon the man's ingenuity and hardihood. But where two could keep together, both the labor and danger of those night camps in the snow were lessened. As game was killed, it was stowed away in what hunters call a *cache*, that is, a hole for hiding and securing what we wished from the depredations of wolves and other wild animals; and then the ox-cart, when it was practicable,— but generally in winter a sled drawn by hand,— was sent out to bring in the game. My companion, Maine Mallory, and I started together up the frozen river; we agreed to keep together if possible, and for that reason I carried a rifle and he a double-barrelled shot-gun of large bore for throwing buck-shot. We were dressed as warmly as our exercise would allow, and had, strapped on our backs, blankets and snow-shoes. Besides which, each one's wallet held five pounds of bread, pepper and salt, powder, shot, and bullets, and pipe and tobacco, not forgetting the most

important of all, flint and steel. We proposed to follow up a branch of the Penobscot to a lake south-east of Mount Katahdin, and there hunt with a party of very friendly Indians who had a most comfortable camp in a spot near the lake. They were collecting winter skins to send down by us in the spring for sale in Bangor. Our first day's journey was about twenty miles on the hard frozen river, covered with a crust of snow so stiff as to render snow-shoes unnecessary; but it was hard work, for the weather was bitterly cold. We shot — that is, Maine Mallory did — a couple of partridges and a rabbit for our suppers, and halted early in a hemlock wood, where there was a northerly shelter of rocks; indeed, a crevice in the rocks was almost a cave for us, a cave where we gathered quantities of hemlock for bedding, and built at its entrance a huge fire, which, by night, — when we had cut wood enough to last until morning, and had cooked and eaten our game, — had made a deep hot-bed of ashes. It was so cold, though, that we feared to sleep much; each took a turn at napping whilst the other fed the fire. The wood was as quiet as the grave: not a breath of wind; no night-bird nor prowling animal; nothing but the fine crackling of the cold. When I watched, I almost *wished* to see

a wolf or bear — something to come in on the ghostly, silvered circle that the fire-light illumined; something to start my congealing blood with a roar or spring. In the morning, we took to the river course again, and went on, but resolved to try as hard as we could to reach the Indians' camp before another night. It was twenty-seven miles, we calculated, but we did it; and about nine o'clock heard the yelping of the Indian dogs that sounded our approach while we were yet half a mile from the camp. We knew the five Indians there; two came out to learn who drew near. Worn out and benumbed with cold, we gladly gave ourselves into their hands to be warmed and fed. They were well provided against severe cold, and soon made us comfortable; but we were too wearied the next day to do any hunting.

"The Indians said the weather was growing colder every day, and the head-man, a middle-aged chief, called Ollabearqui, or Trick the Bear, told with an ominous grunt that when the cold 'grow bigger and bigger and the winds stay asleep, then Ollabearqui is afraid.'

"On the second morning of our stay among the Indians four of us went out for a hunt after moose. Two, Mallory and an Indian, were to go around a

mountain to the eastward, and Ollabearqui and I were to follow a valley which would bring us to the foot of the same mountain on the further side, where we agreed to meet the others. A large, gaunt, savage-faced hound followed my Indian companion. He and I had each a rifle. We went quickly and silently through the white-clothed forests for about four miles. At length, where the small fall of the valley stream was held in great ice-shackles by the severe cold, and only a little pool of six inches diameter kept alive just beneath the icicles, we came out of the woods to a rocky, bushy foot and projection of the bare, stone-marked mountain. We had advanced to follow its base a short distance when my Indian companion, who had grown more careful and earnest lately, turned suddenly one side to a stiffly frozen covert of low bushes. The dog, before this most dull and dejected in his walk at his master's heels, now sprang ahead and into the bushes. In a moment he came out again with his nose close to the snow, and as he emerged raised his head and gave one short, fierce howl. Ollabearqui spoke to him in the Indian tongue, and the dog renewed his search, going back again to the little spring. The Indian at the same time pointed to the ground for me to see a track,

but no mark of any kind was visible to my eye — not a scratch or impression on the hard snow-crust. Now the dog left the trees again and led us up the steep, rough side of the mountain, a most difficult path to climb, frozen as it was. One hundred and fifty feet or more up, the dog stopped before a mass of wildly-piled rocks, and there barked loudly and angrily. We reached the spot, Ollabearqui some minutes before me, and discovered the narrow mouth of a cavern, at which the hound was furiously digging. The Indian cocked his rifle, saying, 'Panther! Look out!' In a few moments the dog had made the hole big enough to admit his head and fore-paws, and he attempted to crawl in, but at the same moment we heard a rumbling growl, like an infuriated cat's, but twenty times as strong, and the dog came out with a deep gash on the side of his head, cutting the mouth back a couple of inches. Again his master ordered him in. This time he entered entirely, and then we listened to the furious noises of the two beasts, in a desperate struggle evidently. In ten minutes the commotion ceased, but the hound did not return. I peered into the cavern but could see nothing. As I rose to my feet after the attempt, I saw Ollabearqui, who had jumped to a point

somewhat above the cavern's entrance, with his rifle at his shoulder. I looked where it pointed, and saw a tremendous panther-cat springing up the mountain-side — it had probably crawled out from some other opening of the cave. At the same moment I heard a report and saw the beast roll forward on its breast, but as quick as a flash it rose again and dashed at the shooter. It was all done in a second, but I could see Ollabearqui trying to draw his knife. The panther struck him, and he lost his footing and rolled backwards from the ledge on which he stood; the panther saved itself from the fall, but bounded back, from the mere force of the spring, I suppose, to the other side of the rock. The savage beast was not more than twelve yards from me, but seemed to be unconscious of my presence. Stunned by the heavy fall, Ollabearqui did not rise, and I saw the panther crawl around the ledge to spring on his prostrate foe. I brought up my rifle, and took deliberate aim at the animal's shoulder. I fired. The panther made one tremendous leap and fell with a dying yell on Ollabearqui's breast. I ran up, and, as I supposed, found the Indian only bruised and stunned by his tumble. As I removed the dead beast from his body, Ollabearqui grunted and uttered a laconic

'Good!' He then rose somewhat lamely, and he and I set about digging at the cave. Soon we managed to pull out the dog, which was dead, and then pushing the panther's corpse into the cavern, we stopped up both ends with heavy stones and went on, descending to a track through the forest again.

"The luck was all mine that day, for when we had nearly reached the point where we were to meet our fellow-hunters we heard, at a long distance beyond, a noise that the Maine hunter knows well, — a dull, clacking noise, like the regular blows in a blacksmith's shop ever so far away. It was the trot of a moose. When at a slow pace they always strike their hoofs together in that way, as a horse overreaches. We drew behind some large trees, and, after ten minutes of anxious waiting, discerned a very large bull moose coming on a waddling trot toward us. He had probably been started by our companions, for he had his ears pointed back, and turned his neck every few minutes as if to catch some sound behind. He passed near Ollabearqui first, at about eighty yards. There was only a click! Ollabearqui's rifle had snapped. The moose, alarmed by the noise, increased his pace greatly but came directly toward me, so that

when I pulled trigger he was not further off than twenty-five feet. He fell dead, a bullet right through his heart. My companion was not envious because of my good fortune. He scolded the erring rifle in his own language, and then said to me, 'Good! good! You whiteman very big shoot — ugh!' We joined Mallory and the other Indian soon after. They had only killed a fox. Together we made two sled-drags of the thickest, heaviest hemlock boughs, and loading the game, — the panther-cat and fox on one sled, and the moose on the other, — pulled them to the Indian camp.

"The weather was too bitter cold for hunting. Even the wild animals seemed not to go about any more than their wants required. So Mallory and I decided to buy some more meat from the Indians, and get them to go with us back to our lumbering station and help carry the game on hand-sleds, which we could do with comparative ease on the river. The bargain was made, and Ollabearqui and two other Indians started with us the next morning, that we might reach our camp on the twenty-fourth, or on Christmas morning. No doubt the hope of getting whiskey from our men induced the Indians to assent so readily to the proposition. The sleds enabled us to take plenty of heavy furs

and blankets for protection against the intense cold. Mallory and I also made a gallon of strong coffee before leaving the Indian camp, — that we were able to heat three or four times a day, and would prove the greatest ally against the cold.

We made a long march the first day — nearly thirty miles — but suffered greatly from the unusually severe weather, and if our red friends had not taken us to an Indian mound to pass the night, — which we used as a hut, packing all our furs against its stone sides and keeping up an immense fire in the centre, the smoke escaping where we removed a stone on the top, — and had we not had the coffee to heat and drink continually, I really believe we would all have frozen to death that terrible night. As it was, I remember it as the most painful and comfortless night I ever passed.

The morning came and we could stir about, but the sun seemed to give no warmth, and a light wind was blowing to make the cold more searching. For some reason I could not explain to myself I felt strangely anxious to get home. In the fitful naps I had caught during the night I had suffered from most painful dreams ; but all I could remember of them were the faces of Guyon Vidocq and John Bar, and no sight of the camp or of the other men,

only heaps of cinders where the log-houses stood. As soon as we got breakfast I urged my companions to get under way quickly. To my astonishment the Indians answered, 'Us no go — us go back — so cold, ugh! — pipe of the Great Spirit gone out — us go back!' To our questionings and urgings they only grunted, shook their heads, and answered as before. So all Mallory and I could do was to let the fellows take their way. We packed the game in the stone mound, and piled stones and brush against its entrance and smoke-hole; and then with our guns, and the jug of what was left of the coffee on a sling between us, we started on our way.

"That day's journey is a distressing remembrance. Despite the cold we advanced briskly enough until noon. Then the wind grew stronger, whilst we got weak from the exposure. The cold increased. A numbness of mind and body was creeping over us, and our limbs were heavy to move. At about three we stopped, and in what shelter we could find built a great fire; and heating the coffee as hot as we could swallow it, drank nearly all that remained and ate a dinner. That strengthened and warmed us up enough to help us along until sunset. We were then only four or five

miles from camp; but had not the wind gone down with the sun, we must have perished before reaching home, for from that time our sufferings increased and both of us grew drowsy. Several times Mallory's halting steps stopped entirely, and he would have gone into the fatal sleep which precedes death from freezing, had I not shaken him and pushed and urged him. To me it was like walking in a sleep.

"I dragged along almost unconsciously, and yet knowing enough to keep the river track and move my legs. The fact that Mallory was nearer death than I — which was shown by his constant attempts to lie down — kept me up. The sense of responsibility aroused my mind. I would implore him to try to walk for a little while longer, and then push him along again. About eight o'clock I got a fire going again, and made Mallory drink the last drop. I told him we were not more than half a mile from the cabins, — that he must rouse now and strive with me to reach our friends. 'Was he willing to die,' I asked, 'just as we were on the threshold of safety?' The coffee helped him a little, but I had had none, so in that last struggle he was as strong as I. That half-mile was only accomplished after an hour's walking, and in every minute of that hour I felt that I could not make another effort.

"At length we staggered to the door of Maine Mallory's cabin and were *saved!* John Bar, who was in there, a refugee from the Christmas Eve frolic in our own cabin, rubbed my limbs and poured cup after cup of hot, strong coffee down my throat, and, when I was sufficiently recovered, gave me a good supper. The same was done for Mallory. But even in the cabin, with two immense fires and warm clothing, it was difficult to keep warm. The water in the drinking-pail, four feet from the stove, was one mass of ice. Outside, that terrible night, the thermometer in Bangor, I heard afterwards, fell to 23° below zero. With us there was no thermometer to mark the temperature, but it must have been lower.

"Half of the gang of my log-house, including John Bar, were spending the evening where I had sought shelter, too wearied to go a hundred yards further to my own quarters. The other five, one of whom was Guyon Vidocq, were having a regular drinking and gambling bout in the other cabin. We heard their yells from time to time. At about eleven o'clock, John Bar left us to seek his bed. I doubted if he would find bed very agreeable amid such an orgie as was reported to be going on under the other roof; so I, thoroughly enjoying the bright

fire and new life after the exposure of the last few days, lingered awhile longer, though utterly wearied, and answered the questions about our hunt. Maine Mallory had turned into bed long ago. But when my watch showed it was twelve, I got up to seek a night's sleep.

"As I stepped into the intensely cold air, I was actually startled by the solemnity and beauty of the scene, for the moon had risen since my return to camp, and flooded the winter scene in the most glorious radiance. The gigantic trees were magnified in the pure, clear light, and their dark shadows stretched far on the glistening snow. Here and there were the fallen timbers mounded over by drifts. Beyond, the white mountains faded away to the pale sky. Not a sound, not a murmur of wind, not a voice to break the awful stillness.

"With great thankfulness for my deliverance from the stark death that had been so near me all day, I looked up to heaven and remembered the blessed birth eighteen centuries ago when Jesus Christ came to the earth as a little babe.

"Turning my steps to the other log-house, I wondered to see no light, and was surprised, too, that the riot there had ceased by midnight. As I walked the hundred yards, the song of the heaven-

ly hosts of old sounded in my heart: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!'

"Drawing near the cabin, I was amazed to see the door stretched wide open, and no light within. Instantly a dark foreboding fell upon me and I remembered the fearful visions of the night before. What could it be that I was to encounter? I ran to the opened door and entered. No fire! — only those few dull ashes. What did it mean? 'Boys,' I cried, 'boys, where are you?' No reply. 'Boys! Langdon! Vidocq! Bar!' and there came from near me a stifled answer, as if the speaker was but half awake. Trembling violently, I struck a match and beheld John Bar, lying almost at my feet in a bundle of furs, and a pool of blood by him, and four other figures in every-day garments, without any other covering, stretched in different attitudes on the floor — sleeping, I thought. Yes, they were sleeping, but in death. Where they had fallen in drunken stupor the ice-breath of Death had stiffened them for his own.

"'Is that you, Clare? Thank God! I am bleeding and freezing to death.'

"'Who harmed you, Bar? Tell me first — Vidocq? I thought so. In a second we 'll help you.'

"Quicker than I can write it, I had run to the other cabin, aroused the inmates, and we had all reached the fatal cabin.

"Some of us carefully removed Bar to the second house, whilst others chafed the bodies on the floor and poured warm drinks in their mouths to revive the spark of life, if it yet lingered. But they were frozen to death. The log-cabin in which my companions and I had lived for three months was now the lumberman's dead-house. There the four bodies were to rest until they could be moved to their graves. The next morning Guyon Vidocq's body was laid beside those of his companions. He had been found stretched dead on the river bank.

"Such was our Christmas.

"It appeared that when John Bar had gone to his cabin he found four of the inmates lying drunk on the floor, the fires expiring, and Guyon Vidocq in a delirium of intoxication pulling everything to pieces — table, benches, etc. — to pile them in the corner and then, as he said, light a real Christmas bonfire. John Bar immediately saw the danger that the poor creatures on the floor were in, and whilst he tried to get fires going in the stove and chimney-place as quickly as possible, he also exerted his influence to soothe Guyon Vidocq and

make him cease his crazy work. But the presence of Bar seemed to madden Vidocq immediately. From the time the former entered the house, Vidocq cursed him with every vile oath his drunken lips could frame, and, when Bar attempted remonstrance and command, the infuriated maniac suddenly caught up a table-knife, and plunged it in his opponent's side. Then with a yell Vidocq rushed from the house, leaving the door thrown back for the deadly cold to enter and complete his work. John Bar said that he fell when the knife struck him, that he had strength to crawl to a pile of furs and blankets, that he even tried to cover his companions but could not, that he called for help as long as he had voice, and that when I entered, an hour after the assault, he had lost all consciousness. The bleeding had ceased, but the sleep of the frozen was falling on him.

"Those events of Christmas day broke up the lumber-camp.

"John Bar was not dangerously wounded, and when we were able to carry him on a sled to Bangor he quickly recovered."

"And now, boys, you have had your stories, so let's off to bed. Captain Mugford, Ugly has

gone to sleep over mine. He prefers sea narratives."

But Ugly heard his name, and broke off in the middle of a snore to come and put his paws apologetically on Mr. Clare's knee.

The sail Harry and I had watched disappeared behind the point of rocks soon after Mr. Clare commenced his story, and while waiting anxiously for her reappearance we listened with much interest to Mr. Clare; and as he was finishing she came out again and stood to the southwest. Determined to investigate the mystery ourselves, we said nothing to the others. By the time we reached deck to take our way homeward the little sail was hardly distinguishable. As no one noticed it, Harry and I went to bed, partners in a secret full of romance to us.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXCITING DISCOVERY. THE COVE WINS A NAME.

THE next morning, at breakfast, Walter proposed that he and Harry Higginson should, after school, go down to the neck and shoot ducks, for Clump had reported that they were flying over in thousands. Our salt tute was at the table, and Harry, in reply, turned to him and said: —

"Captain, won't you take my gun this afternoon and go with Walter in my place? Bob and I have a little secret service to attend to, which can't be postponed; so won't you, sir, shoot the ducks for me?"

"No, Harry," the Captain replied, "I shall not think of shooting here where we have the hunter of the Penobscot — the companion of Ollabearqui, the slayer of moose and panther-cats — ha! ha! Eh, Mr. Clare?"

"Well, Captain Mugford, I shall accept your modest declination, as I should like very much to have a few hours' shooting with Walter. I shall

try it; but a shot-gun and birds on the wing are different things from a rifle and running game as large as those I used to practise on, and I imagine that Walter won't commend me as the Indian did," was Mr. Clare's answer.

After morning recitations and dinner, Harry and I stole off together to make an investigation of last night's mystery. We took our way to the cove, which was soon to win a name. Although but three quarters of a mile from our house, that part of the Cape about the cove was the roughest and most inaccessible quarter in our possessions. I do not know that any of us ever climbed down to the water there before. The attractions in every other direction of fishing, bathing, shooting, and boating were so numerous that we had not carried our explorations there. Perhaps you know how there are places, sometimes within little more than a stone's-throw of your house, that you never think of making acquaintance with. Just such a place was the cove. It did not invite us particularly. It was not on the route of any of our pleasure expeditions, and, as I have said, there were points of interest in every other direction. But just above the cove was a high, knob-shaped piece of grass and shrubs, dotted with many slabs of sharp stones that stood

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up like tombstones and made the knoll look so much like a graveyard that we used to call it "our cemetery." There the sheep liked to feed just before night. It was a favorite spot, where they often came for their evening bite.

We crossed that and commenced a scramble down a jagged, rocky declivity almost perpendicular. It reminded us of the cliffs in the Island of Orkney, pictures of which, with the men suspended by ropes getting eggs from the nests that fill the crevices, have interested every boy in his geography book. With bruised hands and knees, and rather tattered pants, we reached a ledge just above the high-tide mark. The cove was a perfect harbor. A boat there would be defended from every gale but a southwester, and partly from that, whilst it would also be completely hidden unless from a boat right off the entrance of the cove, or unless some one peered over the dangerous cliff above; and what would one think of looking for in there. But we found enough to excite our astonishment. First, there was a strand of rope and an oar on the narrow ledge, which we followed a couple of yards, and then saw an opening between two immense strata of stone. We looked in, and a ray of light that came through the fissure at the other extremity,

showed us a row of kegs, two or three boxes, a sail, half a dozen unbound coils of manilla rope, chains, and an anchor. We climbed in and found also a rusty flint-lock musket, standing between two barrels. If not as much frightened, we were as much astonished as Robinson Crusoe, when he discovered the print in the sand of a human foot.

As hastily as the difficulties would allow, we climbed up the rocks and hurried towards the house, talking eagerly with each other while we ran, as to what might be the treasures in those boxes — had they been hidden there by robbers or misers? — was it now our property? — and what was to be the result.

Out of breath we reached the house, to find for our audience only Captain Mugford. He was reading in the sitting-room, and put down his book to hear our exciting revelation. When we had told him all, he asked us not to go to the cove again, until Mr. Clare and he had had time to act on the information we had given, and told us to caution the other boys in the same way if we met them before he did. "And now," said he, "I shall go out and meet Mr. Clare and Walter — down on the neck, ain't they? I reckon Mr. Clare and I can rig up a scheme to spoil the fun of those blasted pirates."

"*Pirates!*" we exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, pulling on the pea-jacket that always came off in the house, and stowing his pipe in the breast-pocket. "Yes — pirates to be sure — harbor pirates — river pirates; mean, stealing varmints, with all the wickedness of such fellows as Kidd and Lafitte, and none of their slap-out courage and sailorship. Durn me if I should n't like to have the cracking of such fellows' necks!" and out he strode to meet our fresh tute.

We took the news into Clump and Juno, who received it in mingled terror and amazement, and then we ran to find Drake and Alf and pour it out to them.

Well, we had read books enough about pirates, but to have them burrowing on our Cape, and be in a plot for their overthrow, were better than volumes of "Flying Dutchmen," "Cross-bones, or Dead Men tell no Tales," "The Pirate of the Gulf," and all other such made-up stories. Here they were fresh; we had watched their boat the night before; we had just come from their cave; and there was plenty ahead to imagine.

"Hurrah! for our Cape," said Harry; "was there ever a jollier place for fun?"

In those times, just after the war of 1812, which

came to a close with the beginning of 1815, the year of our story, parts of the coast of the United States were preyed upon by gangs of piratical fellows, the scum of privateersmen, augmented by vagabond soldiers, who, thieves and criminals before the war, had had their lust for blood and plunder whetted by experience of campaigns and cruises, and now turned to the account of professed crime what they had learned in honorable warfare. This practice of robbery, and often murder, was exercised principally on the water because there were many masks for working under there, — as fishermen, oystermen, coasters, &c. It enabled them better to hide booty or convey it for sale to different cities; and it furnished more means of escape than a land-robber could command. It was more adventurous and independent, too; and a bold, active villain, who liked his ease and luxury, and was indifferent to his neck's safety, could live aboard a fast sloop, and coast from one pleasant point of the coast to another, and hide his gains here and there, and pull a trigger now and then, or smoke a cigar calmly on deck among a fleet of honest sails, and look impudently at a man-of-war alongside, singing as his creed, —

"I have compass to steer by, a dagger to draw,
I fear not the tempest, I heed not the law."

The waters of the Chesapeake and Long Island Sound were favorite resorts of those gentry, but the New-England coast suffered but little from the free-booters ; and Massachusetts Bay, and the harbors all north of that, of New Hampshire and Maine, were for a long time unvisited even by them.

According to the result of that evening's consultation in the *Clear the Track*, — when, beside the subject of immediate interest which excited us boys greatly, and made temporary heroes of Harry and me, the discoverers, the Captain feasted us on some splendid pirate and privateer stories, — Mr. Clare and Captain Mugford went over the next day to the town beyond the bay, and laid the matter privately before the proper dignitaries there, who came around in an old government sloop which mounted a brass twelve-pounder, and had acted some part in coast defence both in the war just closed, and also in that of the Revolution. By agreement made between those authorities — who were very grand and important on this occasion — and our tutors, the former were to seize the pirates' booty in the name of the State of Massachusetts, and we were all called upon to deliver over the plunder discovered on my father's possessions, and assist the sloop's officers in transferring the kegs, boxes, &c., of unknown contents, from the cave to the vessel's deck.

Coming out from dinner, we saw the town-sloop rounding our Cape, and when we got down to the Pirate's Cove, the sloop was anchoring at the very entrance to that snug, miniature harbor. Two boats were dropped from our ally and pulled up to the ledge. In two hours' time we had lifted everything out of the cave and put them on the sloop. The kegs, it was evident, contained liquor, and the boxes we believed to hold money, for they were very heavy, and were bound with iron hoops. It afterwards transpired that one of those boxes was filled with money, — gold, silver, copper, and bills of England, France, and our own country. Another of the boxes was full of jewelry of all kinds; another, the largest, was packed tight with cloths, silks, and laces, and there was also a barrel with the same sort of valuables, roughly stowed in it. The rusty musket was handed to Walter by the town selectman, a very pompous, old, small potatoes, with the injunction: "Young man, you had better keep that weapon to hand to your father. He may like to have it to remind him how the government relieved his land of a nest of pirates, — There, my son!"

Walter took it respectfully, though he could not help smiling, and our salt tute blew his nose steadily

for ten minutes. That same musket my father afterwards gave to Harry and me, the discoverers of Pirate's Cove, and Harry relinquished all his rights in it to me. It hangs now in my study not far from the dog-collar, — another memento of those good old times.

During our work of transfer from the cave to the sloop, I noticed a sail-boat twice cross before the entrance to the cove, though probably three quarters of a mile off. I asked Harry, if that did not look like the boat we had seen in the moonlight two nights ago, and he said yes, it looked to him like the same boat. So I spoke to Captain Mugford of my suspicions, but he warned me not to say anything about it before these town men, unless I knew for a certainty that it was the same boat. It might only make trouble and get us held uselessly for witnesses. I did not consult Mr. Clare on the subject, and held my peace, warning Harry to do the same, but we both kept our eyes on the little boat, and I felt sure that under pretence of tacking about the Cape, they were, in reality, watching us. We all went around the Cape in the sloop, and, when off the point, passed close to the boat in which were two men, and, apparently, a fish seine. One appeared to be asleep on the thwarts. The other,

lolling at the tiller with a cigar in his mouth, hailed us: —

"Loading fish down thar, where I see you anchored?"

"No! better than that," answered the consequential town authority, big with his business, and his importance making him gabble; "something better than that, my hearties. We have been rooting out a hornet's nest, and have made a haul — spoiling the roost of some damned bay pirates, and I wish we could catch the birds themselves — would n't we hang them."

"*Pirates?* Thunder," sang out the man in the boat again indifferently, but with a strangely threatening intonation in his voice; "who 'd believe it. Folks down in Ipswich would laugh to hear me tell a story like that. But how did you find out about them pirates?"

"Oh, Mr. Graves' folks, who are living on the Cape."

"Oh, ho! *They* told — *did they?* Well, all I have got to say is, that if you have troubled real pirates, sich as I have hearn on, I should n't like to be in the boots of them Graves you tell on — them *informers* — that 's all."

And so we parted, but I felt sure that those men

in the boat were some of the pirate gang, and that what they had said was a *threat.* Another reason which made me feel that they were not honest fishermen, was that Ugly kept growling at them as long as they were near, and Ugly knew what was what as well as the best London detective.

I suppose that the pirates had chosen that cove, thinking that the Cape, as usual, was uninhabited save by the two negroes, and because of the superior advantages that the cove and its cave offered for hiding plunder.

Unfortunately for us, the Pirate Romance had not come to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OCTOBER SPORT. A BLACK JOKE.

Only two weeks more! Letters had come from our parents to us and to our tutors, saying that we must be in Boston on the 1st November.

Walter and Harry had built a duck-house on the neck, where the birds crossed. It was made of cedar and hemlock branches, roofing walls of sand. I doubt if a man passing over the neck would have guessed until very near, that that sandbank, topped by withering evergreens, was a decoy house; so it is no wonder the birds were deceived. Off on the water — on the bay side of the neck, where the sea was quiet — were wooden decoys, placed at different distances from the shooting-house, in which were live ducks that were poked and struck with sticks whenever a flock of their wild cousins was caught sight of. The quacking that ensued was sure to attract those on the wing, and generally bring them down to the decoys. Our tutors went into the sport enthusiastically, borrowing guns from

some men in the town across the bay, and joining Walter and Harry every afternoon in the decoy-house. We other fellows were allowed to be there too, and take charge of Ugly, who recovered every dead and wounded bird. We generally stayed on the neck until near sunset, and just as the rabbits were out for their supper, started for home. That was Ugly's half-hour of sport, in which he was always sure to bring two or three rabbits around to the guns. Mr. Clare could not shoot as well as Walter, or even Harry, at flying game, but he was first-rate at rabbits; let them jump as fast and high as they might, with Ugly only ten feet behind, and if our fresh tute pulled on them, they were sure to fall. With the Captain things went differently, much to our amusement; for our salt tute cared not how much we laughed at his failures, which all his shots were. He brought up his gun as if it were a harpoon, and always gave it a jerk, to help it shoot farther, when he pulled the trigger. The butt was seldom at his shoulder; and as he insisted upon putting immense loads in his gun, the results were sometimes disastrous to him and ridiculous to us. He often sprang back after a shot as if he had been kicked by a horse, or wrung his hands, which had borne the recoil. His misses and misfortunes, how-

ever, never made him angry or dejected. After each failure, out came the red bandanna to wipe his brow, and, as a shout of laughter greeted the performance, he would say, calmly, with only a gleam of a smile, "So, boys, you think I missed, eh? Well, *perhaps* I did."

Clump and Juno having been much alarmed and excited by the pirate discovery, we boys determined to profit by their disquieted state of mind, and hatched a scheme to afford some fun. We watched an opportunity to put it in execution. The time came one evening when our tutors did not return with us to the house after the afternoon's shooting, but went to the *Clear the Track*, to chat and smoke together until tea-time at seven.

Delighted with the arrangement, we boys ran to the house, and, getting up in our attic, blacked Harry thoroughly with the preparation that had been hidden, ready for use, in a closet. Then from Drake's box were produced a pair of ram's-horns, and a home-manufactured forked tail. Those, amid roars of laughter, were fastened artistically to the proper extremities, and our devil was otherwise hideously dressed and touched off. It was the quiet hour in the kitchen, when Juno and Clump loved to sit, in the mixture of firelight and twilight,

and dose, pipe in mouth, over the embers, unless some of us boys happened in to hear them talk. So we first let Harry down on the kitchen roof, whence he could crawl through a window into the low lumber-room over the kitchen. A trap-door opened from that into the kitchen. There had once been a stairway there, leading up alongside of the fireplace. Seeing that Harry, notwithstanding his infernal appendages, had made a quiet entrance into the loft, we descended by the usual way to the kitchen, and strolled in there in a tired way, as if we were just in the humor to listen to the old blackies' talk and receive their petting. Clump was whittling some rowlocks, bent over the fire to get light for his work.

"Hi," he said, as he saw us enter, "dat 's good fur sore eyes."

And Juno, taking the pipe from her mouth, greeted us with a long whiff of smoke, and —

"I 'se glad you 'se cum — getten dark an glum 'ere, only ole Clump an me. What de yun Massas shoot?"

Drake held up a string of ducks, two brant, and a rabbit.

"Oh! de gorry — all dem! — well, dis chile nebber sees de like; an you 'se gwine ter gib dem ter

Clump agin, — 'spects so, all you 'se don't want. De ole niggers be rich dis winter."

Clump, when he had got us seats, dusting the kitchen chairs with his long coat-tails, resumed his whittling, and as Juno's garrulousness ran on, he shook his head and chuckled, and muttered and grinned, just as if he were behind the scenes and prompting her to amuse us. He always had that funny way of grimacing and conversing with himself gayly, whilst Juno indulged in her talkative fits. He admired his old partner hugely. Once, when travelling with my father, he heard Aaron Burr make a speech, and said, when the orator had concluded : —

" De'clar, Massa, dat 's fine ; dis nigger nebber hear any one speak like dat afore, 'cept — 'cept Juno."

By-and-by, as Juno's talk ran sluggishly, and the pipe required much picking and blowing, Clump got up to put by his work and light a lamp. But that we forbid, saying the firelight was so much pleasanter.

" Dat 's so," said Juno, who had got her solace in good order again, and was all ready to start off on a new stream of jabber. " Dat 's so — Clump not ole nuff ter know dat fire-lite more good dan lam-lite. Hi ! hi ! he only chile yit."

Walter interrupted there, to turn the conversation into another channel, by saying that we would leave the old house soon to go back to Boston, and Clump asked, having taken a seat on the wood-box directly under the trap-door, —

"An you 'se glad — glad. 'Spects de ole house git cole an dull to yous now; 'spects de yun Massas want git home?"

"Well, no, Clump," answered Walter; "I don't want to go away — that is, we would not want to go if — if — if we had not been a little frightened lately."

Juno, because of her deafness, did not plainly hear what Walter had said, but she judged it in part from his manner and the assumed look of terror that he cast over his shoulder. So she bent forward anxiously, and asked him in a voice full of concern: —

"Wat 's dat, Massa Walter — wat 's dat you say?"

Walter drew nearer to her and repeated what he had said.

"My Hebbens, Massa Walter, wat did scar you?"

"Well, you see, Aunt Juno," replied Walter, looking cautiously about him again in the darkness

of the room, — "you see, once or twice we boys have been rather startled. In passing up-stairs it seems at times as if some one else were going before us; and at night, we have heard a person moving about the house. We have got up and lighted a lamp, but could find no one. And once the light went out, and Harry felt some one push by him. I wonder he is not afraid to be out-doors at this time. And last night I woke up suddenly and something or somebody jumped off my bed. I could n't see it clearly by the moonlight, but it looked like a big monkey with horns — it certainly had a tail."

"Oh!" interrupted Clump in a voice of horror, "don't talk so, Massa Walter — nuffen but de debble hab horns, an' look like monkey; an' de debble 's not 'bout dese parts, fur sure."

Nevertheless, Clump looked exceedingly as if he believed the devil might be very close to him, and we boys increased his distress by feigning great fear ourselves.

I said, "Juno, do make a blaze; everything looks so black and cold here;" and when she had stirred up a bright flame, I added: "I know one thing, boys, if the devil were here, it would n't frighten me, for if we fellows could only rig up a good trap

of some kind, we might rid the world of a very troublesome customer."

"O Lor! Lor! Massa Bob — how 'se you talk so — de debble might cum sure. Gorry," chattered old Clump, throwing up his hands, "to hab you 'se yun gemmen talk so, jist 's ef de debble wars a bar."

"Nonsense, Clump," exclaimed Alfred Higginson; "we ain't afraid of any devil, and as for myself, I should like to see his satanic majesty first rate."

"So should I! So should I!" we all cried.

You can hardly imagine the horror displayed in those old figures and black faces. They crouched in their seats, and rolled their eyes about to every corner of the room.

"De Lor forgub dese yun Massas. Oh! I 'se prays de Lor to keep Belz'bub en de pit."

"Pshaw!" said Walter. "Pshaw! I want to see Satan, and if he is anywhere in this house, I dare him to show himself."

As he spoke those words, a distant groaning and clanking of chains were heard, and Alf threw on the fire a handful of sulphur that he held all ready. It blazed up, casting a lurid light on every countenance and in every corner of the room. At the

same moment, Harry, with a terrific yell, dropped through the trap-door plump on Clump's shoulders, whilst we boys shouted and made every kind of hideous noise. Old Juno rolled off her chair as if struck by lightning, and fell on her knees, her eyes rolling wildly from the devil she feared to the Heaven she trusted in, and trembling all over, she prayed aloud for deliverance against the devil, who had, as she expressed it, — "Clomb like a teaf ento de sheepfole." As for Clump, he did not open his mouth. At first, the blow on the back, added to overwhelming terror, paralyzed him, and he rolled over, a mere bundle of blackness, into the wood-box, nothing being visible to us but two long quivering feet and five black fingers. But in a moment more, he sprang up like a madman, jumped over the table, and, not trying to open the door, burst through the window, smashing half a dozen panes of glass.

Who should open the door just then and come in, as Clump demolished the window and went out, but Captain Mugford. Having left Mr. Clare enjoying a nap on a sofa in the brig, he had come up to the house, and, hearing the frightful noises in the kitchen, rushed in there. So much was he prepared by the yells that escaped for some tragic scene of

scalding or other accident, that it required two or three minutes before he could take in the meaning of the commotion. But when he recognized in Beelzebub a young friend of his, and when he beheld Juno's situation, and the shattered frame through which Clump had struggled, he took the joke, and broke into the most elephantine convulsions of laughter that I ever heard or witnessed. Why, he shook and shook internally for half a minute, and then exploded. An explosion was no sooner finished than the internal spasm recommenced, and so he went on until I really feared he might injure himself. After five minutes of such attack, he managed to draw out his bandanna and cover his face with it, and then, whilst we watched his figure shaking and quivering, we heard, like groans, from beneath the handkerchief, "Oh ur-rh-ha—ar—uh! Bless me!" When he took down his handkerchief and happened to see Juno rising from her knees, he swelled up again like a balloon, and then eased off gradually in splutterings and moans as a dying porpoise. After which, he went and pacified Juno, and tried to explain to her what a wicked trick we had been guilty of, and that the devil was, after all, only Harry Higginson, and he proceeded to disrobe his infernal highness, that the old woman

might comprehend the joke. And so she did, but she sat motionless for a time, until some portion of her usual composure returned; and then she got up with many a sigh and mutterings of "Ki! ki! tinks dat 's wicked — frite ole Juno so — oh Lor!" but before tea was served, I heard her chuckling slyly, and turning to look at Harry again and again as she poured the hot milk on the toast she was dishing up. But the Captain sat down and shook quietly for a long while, the tears rolling down his face, and his fingers opening and closing convulsively on the handkerchief. And when tea was quite ready, he went off to hunt up Clump.

Mr. Clare came in soon after, but we had, by that time, got the better of the fun, and removed all traces of the commotion. When the Captain joined us at the table, he had another laughing spasm before he could say or eat anything; but for the remainder of the evening, he controlled himself pretty well, only breaking out about half a dozen times, and blowing his nose until it was very red and swollen. However, Mr. Clare never heard of the practical joke, — a thing he particularly disliked and had often spoken against.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS ON THE CAPE. A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

And now, the time of our stay on the Cape was drawing to a close. Only three days more remained, and they were to be occupied in collecting our books, packing trunks, and all the unpleasant little duties that become so tedious and dispiriting when, like a drop curtain, they announce the end of the play.

Perhaps if the days of our Cape life had been prolonged, we should have regretted the detention from home, and yearned for our dear parents, looking on the Cape, that had already lost some of its attractions, as soon to become a dreary point beaten by winter winds and seas and drifted across by the snow. But because we *must* go, therefore it was hard to go. What cannot be done, cannot be had, cannot be reached — that is just what the boy wants. As we could not yet actually realize the desolateness and barrenness of winter there, but only remember the delights and beauties of summer

and fall, we lost cheerfulness over the boxes and trunks, and sighed because of the brick walls, narrow streets, and toilsome schools that were soon to bound our lives.

On a Wednesday we had been for our last afternoon's shooting at the duck-house. Our tutors had walked around to return their guns to the lenders over in the town. We strolled to the house through the fast fading afternoon light, talking of the memorable events in our half-year just closing.

"Now I think," said Drake, "that our boat-race was the best fun of all."

"I don't," Alf answered, "though we had a good time then, I know; but what is there to compare with the cruise and shipwreck — the excitement lasted so long and came out all right."

"Yes, it came out all right, but there was only a tight squeak that it did not go all wrong. I tell you what, fellows, I was badly frightened that night, before we struck on Boatswain's Reef," said Harry.

Each of us but Walter added, "So was I."

"Walter, now you were frightened, too. Own up!" continued Harry.

"No, I was not, really!" answered Walter. "Somehow I never feel afraid on the water; and

I think it must be because I was born at sea, you know, when father and mother were returning from England. Now if I had been behind a pair of runaway horses, instead of aboard a good boat, — for the *Youth* was a stunner, was n't she? — I should have got shaky, I dare say."

"Well, my opinion is," said I, "that just the best time of all was finding the pirates' cave; but when they discover their loss, I am afraid they may come down hard on Clump and Juno, and when we have" —

Walter interrupted me with "Nonsense, those fellows will know enough to keep dark and give the Cape a wide berth after this. But talking about the good times we have had, I have enjoyed our shooting best of all, and so has Ugly, I 'll bet, — have n't you, Ugly?"

To which our bright little dog answered as well as he could by barking an assent, and jumping before us to wag his tail energetically.

"Hallo!" Harry exclaimed, stopping, as he spoke, to look off to sea; "there 's a tidy-looking sloop — don't you see? — just there, to the south-east, near Bass Rocks. I wonder what she is after."

"After?" answered Drake, "why, she is after running down to Boston, I guess."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, who continued to watch the sloop with much interest; "it looks to me as if she were running close in, to anchor."

"Well, let her anchor, if she likes. There 's nothing strange in that when there 's not wind enough to fly a feather;" and after a few moments more in which we resumed our way to the house, Drake continued: —

"Have n't our tutors proved splendid fellows? I think the Captain is the finest old chap that I ever ran across; and when Mr. Clare is a preacher I should like to go to his church — should n't feel a bit like going to sleep then."

To which we all gave a cordial assent, and, having reached the house, turned in there with the prospect of having some fun with Clump and Juno before our tutors should return.

I stood at the door a few minutes. Sure enough Harry was right. Though it was too dark now to distinguish anything more than a hundred yards away, I heard the running out of an anchor chain and then the falling of the mainsail. "An odd place to anchor for the night," thought I, and so did Ugly, who was beside me, for he gave a low, uneasy howl.

Juno was laying the plates for tea as I went in. After teasing her for awhile I joined the other boys. Soon Juno came out to the kitchen, and when she commenced to fry the hasty-pudding we induced Clump to tell us one of his Revolutionary stories, in the middle of which Ugly set up a furious barking, and a moment afterwards there came a heavy rap at the front-door. It was the first time there had been a knock at a door of our old house since we had been in it.

Clump, leaving his story unfinished just where he was misleading a column of British troops who had captured him and made him act as guide, took a candle, and some of us boys followed him into the dining-room, which he had to cross to get to the front-door. But by the time we had entered the dining-room the stranger had walked into the hall, and had also proceeded to open the door opposite us. Ugly, who was greatly incensed, jumped forward and took hold of a leg of the stranger's pants.

Our visitor was a small, rough, ugly man, with a terrible squint in his eyes and a voice as unpleasant as his face. He had no collar, only a handkerchief about his neck, and wore a large, shaggy sailor-jacket.

His first act was to kick Ugly half way across the room with the salutation: "Take that, you —— cur, for your manners, —— you!"

Ugly made at him again fiercer than ever, but I caught him in time and held him.

"Wat will you 'ab, sir?" asked Clump in a dignified voice.

"What will I have, ay? I'll have that cur's life if he comes at me agin, and I want to know, old nigger, if" — here the rough customer spit some tobacco-juice on the floor — "I want to know if you kin 'commodate four or five gents for the night, ay?"

All of Clump's spirit was aroused, and he stammered as he replied: —

"No, mon; n-o-o-o! We dussen keeps no ho-o-o—hotel 'ere, we dussen. You 'se find tabben ober en de town. Dis am Massa Grabe-be-be—Massa Grabes' privet mansion."

"Ho! ho!" answered the man, slapping his hat down on his head and spitting again. "*Massa Graves*' house, is it? Look here, boys, you jist tell your dad, when you see him, that he has got a d—— consequential nigger and a mean, one-horse affair of a shanty, if it can't 'commodate some poor sailors. Howsumever, I'll go back to my sloop,

and bad luck to your *mansion!* Old nig, look 'er here — perhaps we 'll see each other again."

He looked slowly all about the room, spit once more, and went, out slamming both doors.

Fifteen minutes afterwards our tutors came in, and when they heard of our visitor Captain Mugford waxed wroth.

"I wish I had been here," he exclaimed; "if I would n't have put that scoundrel off soundings in about half a splice! The blasted sloop-rat, to be squeaking in that style in a gentleman's house. What do you think of it Mr. Clare, eh?"

"O not much, Captain Mugford. The fellow was probably drunk, and was of course a bully, or he would never have talked so before boys and a poor old negro. I am glad neither Walter nor Harry was in the room."

"So am I, sir," said Walter; "we were in the kitchen and came in when we heard the loud talking, just as the man slammed the doors in going out. We could have done nothing more than order him out."

After tea we boys went into the kitchen again, leaving our tutors playing backgammon. That kitchen was a favorite resort of ours in the evenings, and Clump and Juno liked to have us there.

There was a famous fire — three or four hickory sticks singing against a red back-log; plenty of ashes; and a whistled tune with a jet of smoke right from the heart of each piece of hickory. The brass fire-dogs were extra bright, reflecting the blaze on all sides. Lots of chestnuts were roasting in the ashes, and Clump had provided some cider to treat us to, this last night of ours on the Cape. So we pulled our chairs close around the fire, Clump sitting at one end, almost inside the chimney-place, smoking his pipe, and Juno at the other end, also almost inside the chimney-place and smoking, too, her pipe. Hi! How they grinned and chatted and smoked. After awhile, when we had had a full hour of real fun, quizzing the old folks, telling stories, eating chestnuts and potatoes (although we had only finished supper an hour ago), drinking cider and singing songs, Walter and Harry got up to clean their guns.

"Wen you 'se cum 'ere nudder time, 'spect dese ole black folks be gwine 'way — be gwine 'crost de ribber Jordan" — exclaimed Juno, with a long sigh.

"Now, don't talk in that way," said Harry; "why, marm Juno, you and Clump will live to dance at my wedding; see if you don't; and now

Juno, just give us a kettle of hot water, will you, to rinse out these gun-barrels with."

When the guns were washed, dried, and rubbed off with oil, I said to Clump, "Have you got any bullets or buckshot?"

"Don't know, Massa Bob—'spects so, en my ole tool-box."

"Why," asked Drake, "what are you going to do, Bob, with bullets and buckshot?"

Clump was down on his knees in the closet, overhauling the tool-box he had spoken of.

"Well, Drake, I'll tell you if Clump finds the articles," I answered.

"Have you got any, Clump?"

"Yah, Massa, 'ere 's a han'ful."

"These bullets and buckshot," I continued, "are for Walter and Harry to load their guns with; for just as sure as that fellow came here this afternoon, just so sure, I believe, he will be back here before morning with more like him."

"What stuff," sang out Walter, laughing; "what puts that in your head, Bob?"

"I don't know exactly what, Walter, but I *feel* it, and I have not liked to say anything about it before, because I was afraid of being laughed at. But the more I think of it, the more certain I am

that the man who was here to-night is the man who was lying across the thwarts of that boat which hailed us the night the pirates' cave was broken up. I know it is the same man, for I noticed his face particularly. You remember that one pretended to be asleep; but I saw him watching us with half-closed eyes. There are others with him, and mark my word, they have not come back for nothing. Now do, fellows, load your guns. We need n't blow and get laughed at, for the Captain will surely laugh if we tell him my suspicions. You can take your guns up-stairs, and then if anything does happen before morning, you 'll be all ready."

"Well, Walter," said Harry, "suppose we do — it 's good fun at any rate to make believe that robbers and murderers, and brigands and pirates, and all other sorts of agreeable visitors are coming — and — and, somehow, Bob is not a fool you know, and what he says sounds on the square. So here go two bullets for this barrel, and nine buckshot for the other. Come Walt, load up! Don't you shake in your boots already? ugh!"

Walter did load, and a few minutes later, Mr. Clare opened the kitchen door and called us in to evening prayers. As always, Clump and Juno gathered with us in the dining-room.

There was something very impressive in those few moments before the chapter for reading was found. There was the sound of the turning over of the Bible leaves, and that of a light, pattering Autumn rain without, (it had commenced after dark,) besides the comfortable sizzling of the wood-fire, and occasional snapping. The old, devoted, pious negroes; the rugged, benevolent Captain, with an expression of thought and reverent waiting in his face; and we boys, so full of youth and spirits, sat thinking — soberly, and perhaps solemnly — how neither sickness nor harm had come near us; what blessings of pleasure, health, and strength had waited on us all during half a year; how those dear ones separated from us had been preserved from suffering and calamity, and were hoping to meet us before another night; how the common ties and associations that had united us so happily and so long were soon to be sundered. Those and many other — some graver, some lighter — thoughts, in those few seconds, occupied our minds, whilst Mr. Clare turned over the leaves beneath the table lamp, and then his clear, strong voice slowly and feelingly uttered the words: "I will say of the Lord, *He is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare

of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall* be *thy* shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . . Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation. . . . . For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. . . . . He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

And when the prayers had ended, we separated quietly for our beds, the Captain going off as usual to the brig.

I turned the key in the hall-door as he went out — the first time such a thing had been done during our stay on the Cape. Ugly coiled himself up on the horse-hair sofa in the dining-room, and in half an hour more, I suppose, every soul in the old house was asleep.

I dreamed that a lot of rabbits were in a hole to-

gether and making a humming noise, which, I believed, was a whispering they were having together, and I wanted to hear what they said, but that Ugly made such a barking I could not. I woke up, and, sure enough, Ugly was very noisy in the room below, barking regularly and harshly. No one else in the house seemed to be disturbed. There was a placid snoring in the attic, a pattering of rain on the roof, and a splashing of water, as it ran off steadily in a stream to the ground. But in a minute or two, between Ugly's barks, I thought I heard something which recalled what I had been dreaming of the rabbits whispering in their burrow. I listened. Yes, some persons outside the house were talking together in low voices. I crawled to a window and looked out. There was an indistinct group of three or four persons standing by the rock, twenty yards from the house. Their talk was only a murmur of different voices in discussion, sometimes louder, sometimes fainter; but as I watched, one of the group struck a light, and I saw in the flash four or five or more figures, and the face of the man who had entered the house in the evening, who was now holding a lantern to be lighted, and was also looking up at the house. It was a dark lantern, I suppose, for the light was shut up in some

way after that. I shook each of the boys and told them to look out of the window, and then I ran into Mr. Clare's room and woke him. When he saw that some sort of robbery or attack was to be made on the house, he exclaimed: "I hope they do not know that the Captain is alone in the brig," and ran down-stairs to bolt all the doors and windows as securely as they could be fastened, and awaken Clump and Juno, who slept in a little room off the kitchen. Not a lamp was lighted in the house, but the pirates had heard the noises made, and now, talking and swearing aloud, approached the door and turned the handle. Being bolted within they could not open it.

"Hullo! hullo! I say, you Graves folks, wake up!" — it was the voice we had heard before, — "wake up and let us in;" — it sounded as if he turned to his companions then, and laughed and muttered something; — "here 's some decent sailor-boys as wants a drop and a bite, so wake up quick, boys and niggers! — let us in I say, or we 'll break into *Graves* like reg'lar body-snatchers — we will.'

At the conclusion of that speech, they all beat on the door and house with fists and sticks, and laughed loudly at their leader's joke. Mr. Clare now went down the narrow, creaking stairs again

to the big door they were pounding against so fiercely, and from behind its defence answered the summons.

"Men; this is a private house, and you must go away. You will get nothing here, and we are armed."

"Hurrah!" they answered without. I shall omit the terrible oaths with which they loaded every breath they spoke. "Who are you, big voice?"

"No matter," called out Mr. Clare, "who I am. I guess who you are, and you don't get in here — that 's all."

"That 's a lie — we 'll be in in ten minutes and make your bass a squeak. If you don't open this 'ere door in a jiffy —— we 'll make grease-spots of you along with them niggers. Look what we 'll do with your shanty — just what we have been doing with the old junk down there on the rocks."

As he spoke, the darkness in the house withdrew to the holes and corners, and flashes of red and white light shot into every window and played on the walls, reflected from the midnight sky that had suddenly kindled to a blaze. The pirates had set the old wreck on fire — our dear old school-house.

Could the Captain be there, sleeping yet? or had they killed him?

Ah! that doubt about Captain Mugford's safety magnified the danger of our own situation to our imaginations. If those marauders could burn, in madness, such a harmless thing as the cast-away brig, and could conquer such a powerful man as our salt tute, what might they not do here to us?

The hour, — the yelling and swearing and banging at the doors, — the lurid glare flashing from the sky to show us each other's fear-stamped countenances, — those united to bewilder and appall us boys at least.

Juno, too, was up-stairs in our room, sitting on a low chair, perfectly silent, but overcome by dread. But Clump was active with Mr. Clare down-stairs, strengthening every window and door. He was not afraid. His old soldier spirit was aroused, and in the defence of his dear master's children, he was anxious to prove his courage and fidelity.

"Harry," Mr. Clare called up the stairs, "bring me your gun. I shall want that down here. You say it is all loaded and ready, eh? Well, bring it down. Walter, you keep yours up-stairs, and all you boys remain there until there is necessity to come down; and now, Walter, don't shoot unless there is absolute necessity. The rascals can't burn this house unless they light the roof, and they can't

stay here all night to do that, for the light of the *Clear the Track* will bring over some of the townspeople. Poor Mugford! poor Mugford! Bob, you climb up to that little window in the south gable-end, and see if you can detect any movement about the wreck."

Harry handed him the gun, and I climbed to the lookout, relinquishing Ugly, whom I had been holding, to Juno's care. He had been ordered not to bark, so now he only panted fiercely and listened intently.

The pirates, after vain attempts at the front-door, — they could have smashed in the windows, shutters, latches, glass, and all, but their small size and height from the ground made them most dangerous to enter by when there were defenders within, — went around to the back of the house, and presently I heard a great ripping and banging of boards there and Mr. Clare's voice call quickly : —

" If one inch of you enters there, I shall shoot — mind now."

Then we heard a shot, but knew by the report that it was not Harry's gun, and Drake called down the stairs : —

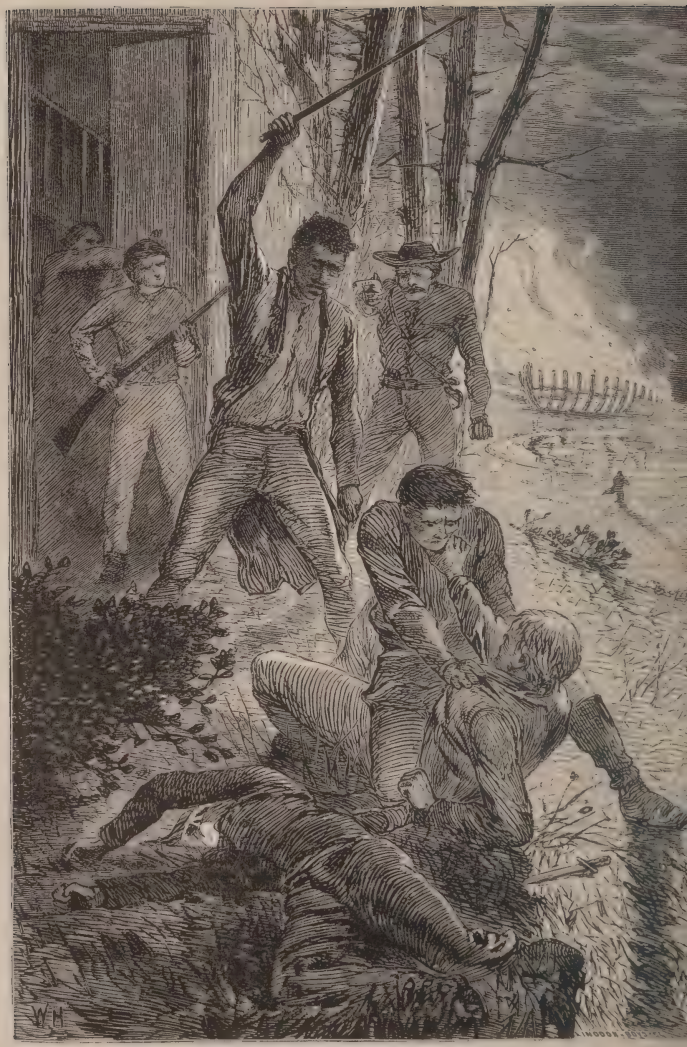
" Clump, who fired ? "

" De pirets, Massa ; one den shoot tru de win'der at Massa Clare, but tank de Lor, the debbil miss."

Just then I saw — and how the blood coursed with one cold sweep from my heart and back again — amid the hot flames of the burning wreck, Captain Mugford's figure. He sprang from the deck to the rocks, and was rushing towards the house. I turned and called the good news, but found that Juno and I were alone. The others, too much excited and interested in the contest to remain longer prisoners in the attic, had got on the stairway, and when I looked down on them, Walter was on the bottom step with his gun cocked.

Now many steps and the yelled-out blasphemy of the pirates came around the house again to the front. Though, as we knew afterwards, two remained to keep Mr. Clare occupied there, whilst the three others were to try the windows again.

Captain Mugford must be near. Oh! that he could get here safely. Ugly jumped by me, and uttering a savage bark, sprang down-stairs and past Walter. He had escaped from Juno's charge. As he flew about the rooms down-stairs, a whole sash and shutter in the southeast room were driven in by the blow of an immense beam, and in another second half the body of a pirate was above the window-sill. But with a tremendous leap, Ugly reached him and pinned him by the throat. They tumbled



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back together. Then we heard a new voice, — Captain Mugford's!

"You infernal cowards, hang-dogs, scum of drains, and liver-hearted blackguards — take that! Ar-rah! — and that!"

Two pistol shots! Harry jumped to open the door for Captain Mugford. Walter stood ready beside him with the gun. I ran with Drake to the open window to see if harm had come to our dear salt tute, and Alfred had run in to where Mr. Clare was alone, guarding the backdoor and broken windows, for he had sent Clump, not knowing of our being down-stairs and of the Captain's coming, to fight where we were. Clump had a short iron bar in his hands. I saw the man whom Ugly had griped, fallen on his knees and cutting our gallant little dog from his neck with a knife. One pirate was stretched on the ground. Another was struggling with the Captain. He was a large, powerful fellow, and seemed to be getting the better of our now much-exhausted tutor. As I looked, the prostrate man rose, and both he and the one whom poor Ugly — now dead on the grass — had attacked, came to help crush the Captain. Then the front-door was flung open. Walter fired, and the man who had killed our brave dog dropped the knife he held, and clasping his left shoulder with his right

hand, screamed out a terrible oath, and, yelling with pain, ran from the struggle. At the same moment — all these events, from the time Captain Mugford arrived until the door was opened to admit him, not occupying, probably, three minutes — the Captain fell beneath his adversary, whose fingers clutched his throat, and the infuriated pirate seemed determined to finish him. Walter could not fire again without shooting the very one for whose safety alone he would fire. But Clump jumped out with his iron bar and struck the assailant on the head. The Captain was released just as I saw the other miscreant level a pistol at Clump. I called, "Oh Clump, Clump, take care!" With the sound of my voice came the sharp, fatal crack of the pistol, and Clump fell back — *dead!*

Two minutes more, and the pirates were all in flight. The old, gray-headed, faithful, true-hearted Clump was dead, and Juno stretched unconscious on her husband's body. Ugly, all hacked to pieces, lay in a pool of blood, yet gasping. Captain Mugford, wounded, bruised, and exhausted, sat on the door-step. Mr. Clare was leaning over Clump with a hand on the pulseless heart. The burning wreck yet lighted the heavens and the horrid scene at the very door-step of our home of such a happy half year.

CHAPTER XX.

A RETROSPECT AND FAREWELL.

It is fifty years ago and some months since that rainy, bloody, flame-lit October night. And now, this cold, wintry, blustering midnight, I — the Bob Graves of my story — sit writing this concluding chapter.

There is a coal-fire glowing hot in the grate. There are shelves and shelves of books; easy-chairs sprawling their indolent figures here and there; a curled-up bunch of fur purring in one; an old, black setter-dog dreaming — as I can see by the whine in his quick breathing and the kicking of his outstretched legs — on a bear-skin rug before the fire; and a circle of bright light from a well-shaded lamp falls about my table. Yes, — but I shall get up now for a minute, and take down the old musket and dog-collar, the sight of which always vividly recalls those happiest months of my life — Fifty Years Ago.

As I replace them, the storm without comes in a

heavier, fiercer gust. I hear it rush in a whirl up the street. I see it almost lift the heavy curtains over the window, as if it would come in and rest itself. I hear it whistling through all the cracks and key-holes of the house — whistling dismally. Its voices, and the rumbling of a hack in some neighboring street, remind me of storms I have heard, lying comfortably in my snug attic bed in the old house on the Cape — the wind and the waves dashing up the rocky shore.

That strong whiff disturbed pussy's and "The Captain's" (so I have called my old setter friend) nap, for puss stands up on her morocco bed and arches her back like a horseshoe, and then springs, with a jolted-out "mew-r-r-r," right on my table, and proceeds to walk over this manuscript, carrying her tail up as if she wanted to light it by the gas and beg me then to touch it to my pipe, and stop scribbling. So I shall presently. And The Captain strolls up to lay his cold nose on my knee, slowly wag his silky tail, and look kindly into my face with those soft, big eyes, as if he would say, "Come master, don't be low-spirited."

You are right, old fellow! I was somewhat sad about leaving the pleasant companionship I have held through my pen with brothers and friends of

the old time, and a goodly number of those who are young now, whilst I am so no longer, except in memory and heart. Youth has come back with these pages, and perhaps you are tired with me, but I — I shall never tire of the *young*, — the glorious companionship of the pure, merry, brave hearts that look undaunted and without suspicion on the great road stretching far into the Future and fading only to reappear in mirages of splendor in a brilliant sky.

There! I have smoked my pipe, and now, Miss Puss, stretch yourself in the chair again, and you, Captain, resume that dream by the fire. I have got a few more lines to write before my invisible friends leave me.

From that Autumn night, 1815, to this winter night of 1865, no clew has ever been discovered to the murderers of faithful old Clump. About Christmas time of the same year, Juno closed her earthly eyes in the old Cape house — to open them again, I fervently believe, in heaven.

Mr. Clare lives, a venerable clergyman in one of our great cities — his head and heart yet laboring earnestly in the Great Cause he serves.

Captain Mugford sleeps in the home of his adop-

tion, — the ocean. Five years after our six months together, he sailed from New Bedford in a splendid ship for Canton. A fortnight after, he was spoken by a Boston brig, and that was the last ever heard of Captain Roland Mugford, his ship or crew. I hope seas, winds, and undercurrents, however rough they may have been, left undisturbed the red bandanna, and the short, black pipe. And we feel sure that the mother's prayers were answered, and that the boy who ran away from her at Marblehead came back to her, whither her memory was a beacon light, — the Eternal Harbor, unstirred by storms.

Walter is a man of eminence, — our American Minister at ——, and Harry, a merchant, a cheerful, generous-hearted man, whose name is the synonym of honor, and whose hands "to do good, and to distribute, forget not."

Drake, after travelling in every strange and dim corner of the globe, — frozen up in the arctic seas, perspiring in the interior of Africa, exploring among the western wilds of the Rocky Mountains, and doing other things adventurous in every out-of-the-way part, — finally went with all his honest, hot zeal into the great war that has now just closed, and came out a Brigadier-General and a one-legged man.

Now he *stumps* about in this same library, but manages to take me travelling thousands of never weary miles; and many and many a time do we walk, and shoot, and swim, and race, and fight over and over again that happy time at the Cape.

Poor Alfred — the best of all of us — died before his thirtieth year, nursed by a few devoted Africans, at his missionary station in the southern Atlantic.

And I, whom the Brigadier-General calls "Vieux Moustache," have finished an old Boy's Story of "Our Fresh and Salt Tutors."

THE END.

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